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Volume CXCIII No. 2515

The SPHERE, London, April 17, 1948

THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT—MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT BESIDE THE MEMORIAL TO HER LATE HUSBAND IN GROSVENOR SQUARE, A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S WARTIME LEADER SUBSCRIBED FOR BY THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN: The unveiling took place after an address by the King, who is seen standing with Mrs. Roosevelt, and it was followed by the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Last Monday morning Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-second President of the United States, unveiled in Grosvenor Square the statue to her husband by Sir William Reid Dick. Among the vast concourse in the Square, in wartime days nicknamed Eisenhower Platz, were the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, Ambassador Hooker, who travelled to England as President Truman's representative, Mr. Attlee, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the President's friend and collaborator throughout the war years. Sir William Reid Dick's statue stands on a Portland stone pedesta. on the north side of Grosvenor Square, which has been redesigned by Mr. B. W. L. Gallanaugh, the architect, as a public memorial garden with the statue as its architectural focus. The funds for the memorial, it will be remembered, were raised by the British people at 5s. per head, and so general was the response that subscription lists were closed within a week. On Monday night Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Budget—First Reactions.—Certainly Sir Stafford Cripps was crystal clear. Even I could understand the main features and effects of his Budget. He was out to achieve two (perhaps three) things: 1. To combat inflation seriously and not in shop-window fashion. To do that, he has budgeted for a *real* surplus of £330,000,000. But all depends on his confident estimates of a hugely increased yield from current taxation. 2. To provide incentives in industry to greater output and harder work. To secure these, the Chancellor has increased earned income relief from one-sixth to one-fifth, with a further £125 of income at the reduced rate of 6s. The "£400-a-year" man is most sympathetically distinguished, and his marginal earnings will come to him substantially, unskimmed by taxation—4s. 9d. in the £ at most as the rule. 3. To win back the "middle-class vote." It is not totally unfair criticism (since Budget Day always lets loose the dogs of party-warfare) to argue that Sir Stafford's proposals hope to have that effect among pensioners and small-income waverers. To bridge the gaps, the Chancellor's chief Bailey Bridge is euphemistically called *the special levy on Investment Incomes.* Euphemism it is. It may be doubted whether, if successful, it will be special or "once only." Who knows but that Shinwell, Bevan or Dalton may be next Chancellor? It is certainly not a levy on income. Sir Stafford admitted that the levy would be dug out of capital. It may be necessary. It may be the simplest expedient in a fearful crisis, but no one can pretend that it does not shake confidence at home and abroad, make a nonsense of any effort to stimulate big-scale savings, raise again the cry of class injustice, and provide an instance of normally unsound budgeting—robbing Peter-To-morrow to pay Paul-To-day. But I am not going to be caught squealing. To squeal is to admit—what I am not prepared to admit—that I am noosed and brought in to be milked. I have no means of knowing if it be a just Budget, or a wise Budget, a Budget likely to be successful and to achieve its aims. I venture to say it is a courageous Budget.

State Salaries.—I do not always pay tribute to the wisdom of Mr. Shinwell's all-too-frequent wise-cracks. I have sometimes felt that, in common with many Ministers who flit from office to office, he "knows his stuff" too quickly for my own confidence, and I have often wished that he would ride his tongue on the curb and not the snaffle. But I thought he said a mouthful when he spoke at Bradford (presumably off his own bat—for no Labour Minister consults the Premier on policy) on the enormity of the high salaries paid for the new State posts created by Nationalisation. This "swallowing," by such men as the Chancellor, of capitalistic salaries and "expenses" up to £20,000 a year for the men chosen to run and direct the new State enterprises, is the greatest puzzle and contradiction in terms of Labour policy and preaching. The new capitalism is more glaring than the old. The "levy" does not touch it. The new "Dukeries" are more luxurious than the old. I live on a fringe of the "new Dukeries," where labour for luxuries is plentiful and permits for "improvements" by no means unobtainable. The slogans so glibly mouthed vanish into vapour over the "new Dukeries"—"limit salaries," "save more," "spend less." And Socialist capitalism, in its new dress, laughs in its capacious sleeve at the silly ideal of austerity for the V.I.P.

No Place for the Gentleman.—"There is no place in Britain," Mr. Horner is reported as saying on the platform, "for what has been called 'the educated gentleman.'" I do not suppose intelligent Labour leaders ever attached much importance to the sense (though no doubt a great deal to the effects of) Mr. Horner's utterances. Certainly the Minister of Education would find this wisecrack a hard saying. He must believe there is still something in better education, if it can be achieved; and I fancy some of his colleagues of the Lower House who have been kicked up or raised to the Upper House would admit that in debate an "educated gentleman" has good points, as indisputable as surprising to one released from the Lower House, for the more efficient and wise conduct of Parliamentary business. Indeed, there is nothing more swift and sincere (and tragi-comic) than the gasp of surprise with which many a new Labour peer recognises the advantages of dignity, restraint and good manners which usually obtain in the Upper House, or more pleasing than his resolve to imitate and co-operate in these civilised conventions. Mr. Horner, like so many tub-pundits of his kind, often enough launches his generalities and wisecracks in language capable of bearing two meanings. I could agree with him in one sense. There *is* no place to-day for an educated gentleman in a world which (on its ugly face, at least) seems to be too largely composed of liars, pilferers and cheats. But that is not the same as saying there must not be a place for an educated gentleman—and that apart quite from the question of whether the survivors of this persecuted race are rightly classed as "leisured." Some of us are lucky in possessing still among our acquaintances a number of "educated gentlemen," and the first point we notice common to them all is the amount of work they get through seven days a week. Without them, without the restraint and discipline of mind which guide their conduct and guard their utterances, the stuttering machine of national life would not turn at all. We have no other lubricant, no other lamp-oil.

Social Justice?—Government would still be easy, even in a bankrupt, grossly over-populated country, if every citizen made a habit of saying: "The Government knows best." "The Chancellor must be right." "The Minister of Fuel is wiser than we." Unfortunately it doesn't work out that way in Democracies nor perhaps behind the Iron Curtain. For the thoughts of men are "not triable," when they are not expressed in words, and not always accurately when they are. So it is that I do nothing eccentric or unlawful in recording my opinion that in modern Socialist legislation in very critical times, expediency has precedence over justice time and again. The Budget may be a brave and clever Budget, but nothing can remove the sense of injustice from the terms of the capital levy which utterly betrays the patriotic citizen in the higher income grades who, at the call of duty, put his savings into Government securities instead of hiding them away in the form of precious stones or works of art, or used them for inflationary spending or for gambling in hidden profits on the racecourse or the Stock Exchange. Nor is the sense of injustice less strong when one examines the incidence of Mr. Gaitskell's standard petrol concession. The citizen who has taken on unpaid public duties—for which the bare necessities of petrol are accorded him for his voluntary tasks—receives no allowance for recreation. The man who stayed at home receives the small privilege of recreation. True, legislation cannot hope to please everybody, and the parable of the labourers in the vineyard has puzzled me all my life. But Ministers are not God, and those whose slogan is social justice should abandon that principle only when all else has failed.

Death Penalty.—I have always found the question of the abolition of the Death Penalty too hard for me. I think I was most in favour of its abolition at that period (before our security vanished for ever) when "thrilling" news was hard to find, and when the cheap Press made hideous melodrama outside the prison gates at 8 a.m. on execution days. Then came world wars to unseat human reason and to "cheapen" human life, and I felt that it were a sin against the Holy Ghost to keep alive such granite-hearted murderers as Brown and Kennedy and the first crop of post-First War killers. The home-killers have increased since World War II, as they have increased all over Europe and the East. Human life was never so little regarded, so cheap. The foulest murders are taken almost for granted; even the responsible Press has given up much of the parade of righteous indignation. It does not *seem* to be the appointed date for abolishing the death penalty and for keeping the natural-born killer alive at public expense, especially since there is no longer the same unhealthy sensationalism poured out over Execution Dock. The convictions of prison reformers and the faith of sincere humanists and crime experts impress me, but the statistics they pour out confuse me as usual. As for the argument that death is an easier punishment for murder than eighteen years in prison, I should be prepared to assent to that if I felt that it had any relevance to the issue. Under the present Home Secretary, reprieve has been, I fancy, the rule rather than the exception. I am not prepared to say whether he or a majority of his colleagues or party are strongly for abolition. There are many members of the Opposition believed to favour abolition. It is for my own satisfaction that I have put on record my prophecy that a free vote will be a "near-run thing" for abolition, if indeed it does not achieve it.

Why, Indeed?—No one has a right to attach authority or particular importance to an answer forced from a V.I.P. as he lands from a plane at the end of a mission. Mr. Roosevelt at ease was a master of the art of answering reporters' quizzes. All men are not at their best after a rough passage. Of course, the reporters waited for the C.I.G.S. to land after his visit to Berlin and, of course, he was freely quizzed. Asked if the Russians were friendly, he replied, "Why should they not be friendly?" Why, indeed? But what Russians did Monty mean? The Russian guests at General Robertson's excellent dinner? I am sure they were friendly, genial, even expansive and cordial, by the third course, if not before. Why not? But if the quiz referred to the Chiefs of Departments of the U.S.S.R., broadly in their relations with all the Western Powers, then the answer is more enigmatic. We can still ask why they should not be friendly. If we read Monty's answer as affirming such friendliness, then we must call to mind Lewis Carroll's:

"You may think it right to dissemble your love,
But why do you kick me down-stairs?"

For surely in the last year no such puzzling proofs of friendliness by an alleged civilised Power were ever served out.

The Peace Prize.—There are twenty-three candidates for the current Nobel Peace Prize, and Marshal Stalin and M. Molotov are among them. There are several other strong candidates, including Mr. Truman and the Pope, and even England is not without a runner. In such a field of classic competitors, every candidate must feel some anxiety, and to MM. Stalin and Molotov, who may or may not be well read in the bourgeois literature of this country, I offer a tag of loophole consolation, if one or both of them fail to win the coveted distinction:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

The author is guaranteed to be long dead and free at least (as I believe) of any taint of blood relationship with the leader of the present British Government in the Upper House.

THE OLD STAGER

KENTISH TOWN'S GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE—IT WAS DEDICATED LAST SATURDAY BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN THE PRESENCE OF QUEEN MARY: The garden, which stands in front of the parish church, has lately been gay with daffodils. It is the first of the Gardens of Remembrance to be completed under the auspices of the Public Gardens Association, of which Lord Davidson is the President. The Association has evidently been impressed by the success of the garden laid out round St. James's, Piccadilly, by the late Lord Southwood

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT ARRIVES IN GROSVENOR SQUARE: The widow of the late President walking along the pathway to the plinth accompanied by Ambassador Hooker, President Truman's special representative at the unveiling, and Sir Campbell Stuart, a Pilgrim and the Treasurer of the Roosevelt Memorial Committee

UNVEILING the ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL in LONDON

Last Monday's Ceremony in Grosvenor Square

George Washington, in Trafalgar Square, and Abraham Lincoln, outside Westminster Abbey, are both commemorated in stone in London, and now the thirty-second President, who in so many ways upheld the Lincoln tradition and, like the first President, was first both in peace and war, is fittingly enough commemorated in Grosvenor Square, known to so many thousands of his countrymen during the recent struggle. Last Monday's unveiling of the memorial was a simple and deeply moving ceremony, taking place, happily enough, on a day of bright spring sunshine and with the Square appearing in all its beauty as a memorial garden. At the conclusion of the unveiling by Mrs. Roosevelt the vast concourse of people in the Square joined in the singing of Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic. After that followed the Benediction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King in his tribute to the late President referred to him as "a great man, a great friend, and a great citizen of the world."

THE UNVEILED MEMORIAL TO THE THIRTY-SECOND PRESIDENT: The King and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt turning from the memorial after Mrs. Roosevelt had pulled aside the Union Jack. The memorial bears the simple words: "Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1882-1945"

A DAY OF SPRING SUNSHINE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE—MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND BRITAIN'S WARTIME PREMIER ARRIVE FOR THE UNVEILING ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DEATH: *Left*—Queen Mary walking down the central approach to the plinth. *Centre*—Mr. Winston Churchill, the President's friend and wartime collaborator. *Right*—Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, arriving with Princess Margaret

TROUBLE IN CAIRO AND ALEXANDRIA DURING THE POLICE STRIKE: *Left*—Members of the Cairo police force voicing their demands for higher pay and better conditions at a meeting outside their headquarters. *Right*—A boisterous crowd of students cheering wildly after setting fire to a tram in Alexandria. Their participation in the police strike became an added embarrassment for the Egyptian Government, which had to call on the Army to restore order in the cities. In Alexandria alone 3,200 police, including 200 officers, took part in the strike, which lasted thirty-six hours. According to official figures, 29 persons were killed and 220 injured. Of the material damage done by the mob in Alexandria it is known that six cinemas were gutted and fifteen tramcars were destroyed. In addition there was very widespread looting of small shops

STRIKES, RIOTS, AND DEMONSTRATIONS

In Cairo, Alexandria, Calcutta and Barcelona

"DOWN WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN, HURRAH FOR PRESIDENT PERON!" This was the burden of the recent demonstration in Barcelona staged by Falangist supporters after hearing the news that Spain was to have no part in the European Recovery Programme. At the same time there was acclamation for the President of the Argentine, who has just made a substantial grant to Spain

ARMOURED CARS OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY OUT IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO: These cars were on duty outside the gardens of the Officers' Club, the focal-point of the disturbance, which soon spread to neighbouring Alexandria and to Port Said. The Egyptian police, who receive a wage of less than £7 a month, including cost-of-living bonus, have several times in the past threatened to strike unless their demands were met

CALCUTTA'S SIT-DOWN STRIKERS CHOSE APRIL 1 TO START THEIR PROTEST: Employees of the Indian Government Office of Disposals seated on the steps outside their office in the Municipal Library building. The strike, which took place in the face of a stern warning by Pandit Nehru, India's Prime Minister, was staged in view of the Indian Government's retrenchment policy. This policy has led already to the dismissal of 300 clerks, and further dismissals are probable

A STRIKE, BUT THIS TIME NO VIOLENCE: Employees of the Military Accounts Department, Government of India, being moved from the building where they staged their sit-down strike with other Government employees in Calcutta. The "Action Council" of the strikers declared there was no political motive behind the strike

THE KING WITH THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT: His Majesty, in his capacity of Colonel-in-Chief of the unit, inspecting the men on his visit to Brock Barracks, Reading. At Reading the King drove through three miles of cheering crowds, and at the barracks he was met by General Sir Miles Dempsey, the Colonel of the Regiment. In this picture Sir Miles is seen walking just behind the King. After inspecting the officers and men of the Berkshires the King met members of the Old Comrades' Association, including Lieut.-General Sir F. W. McCracken, who is eighty-eight and fought at the Battle of Tofrek (1885)

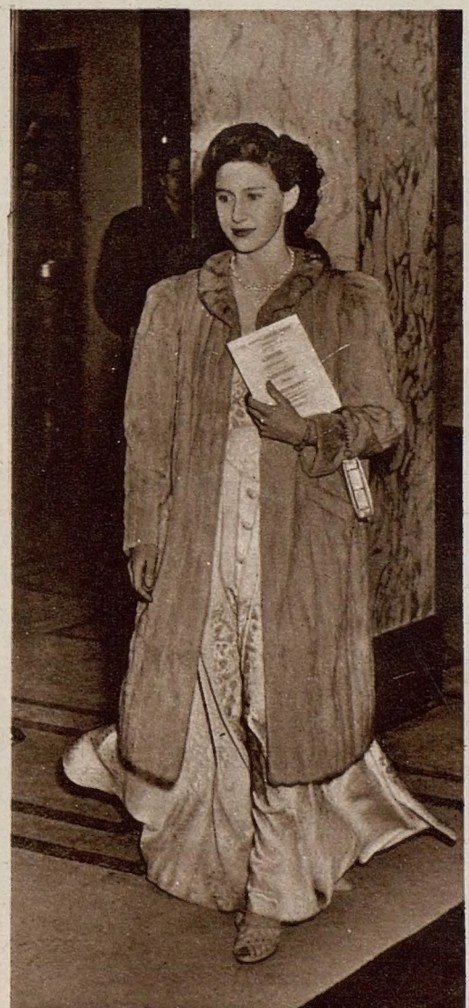
THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A.T.S. BENEVOLENT FUND: On her right is Mr. Shinwell, Minister for War, who addressed the meeting. It was at this meeting that the Minister declared he had made representations to the Adjutant-General for more A.T.S. to be sent to Germany, not only because of the beneficial influence they exert on the troops, but because "I believe their services are of great value to the British Army"

Royal Occasions

THE KING at READING and a VISIT to WINDSOR THEATRE

The Princess Royal and the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND QUEEN MARY ARRIVE FOR A PERFORMANCE OF "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE": Their Majesties being greeted at the entrance to the Theatre Royal, Windsor, when they saw this popular farce from seats in the dress circle. The King, who was also present for the performance, refused to accept seats in the stalls, as it would have meant interference with booking arrangements already made



PRINCESS MARGARET HEARS THE FLEET STREET CHOIR: Leaving the Royal Academy of Music after attending the performance of "Chanticler," one of Chaucer's tales set to music

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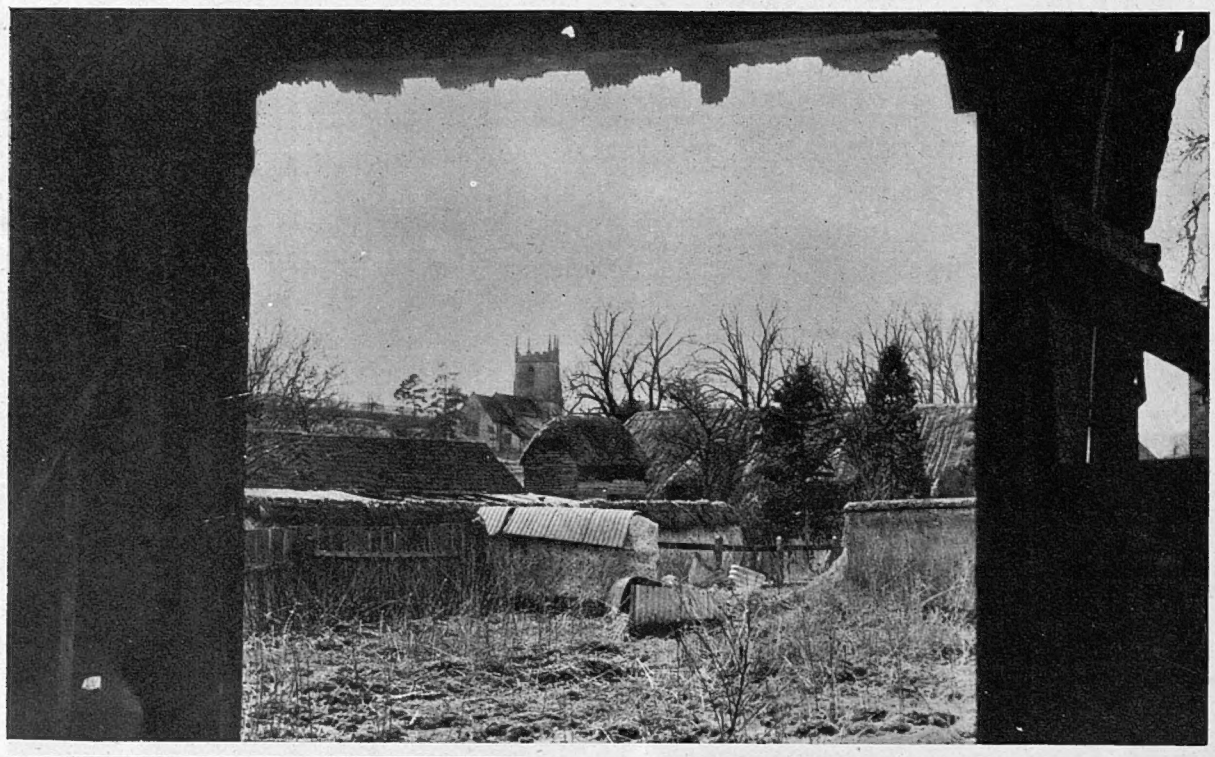
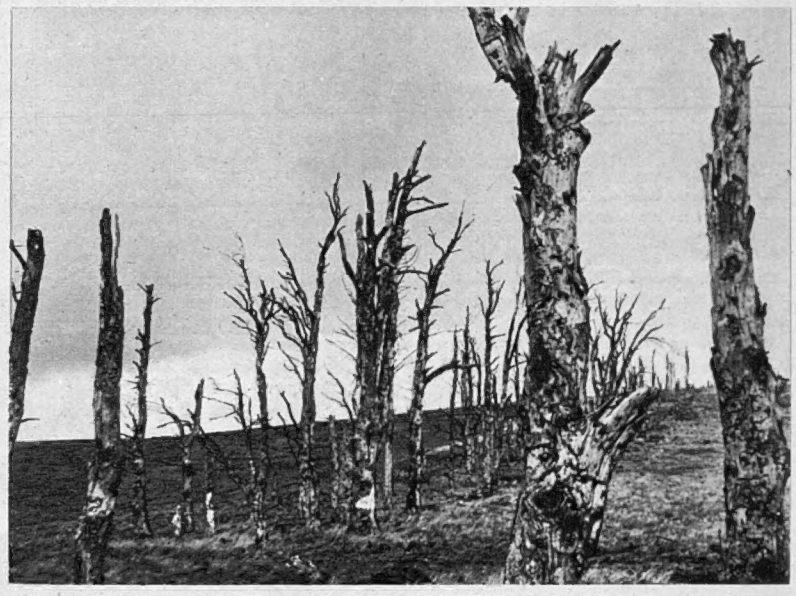
THE CONDEMNED VILLAGE OF IMBER



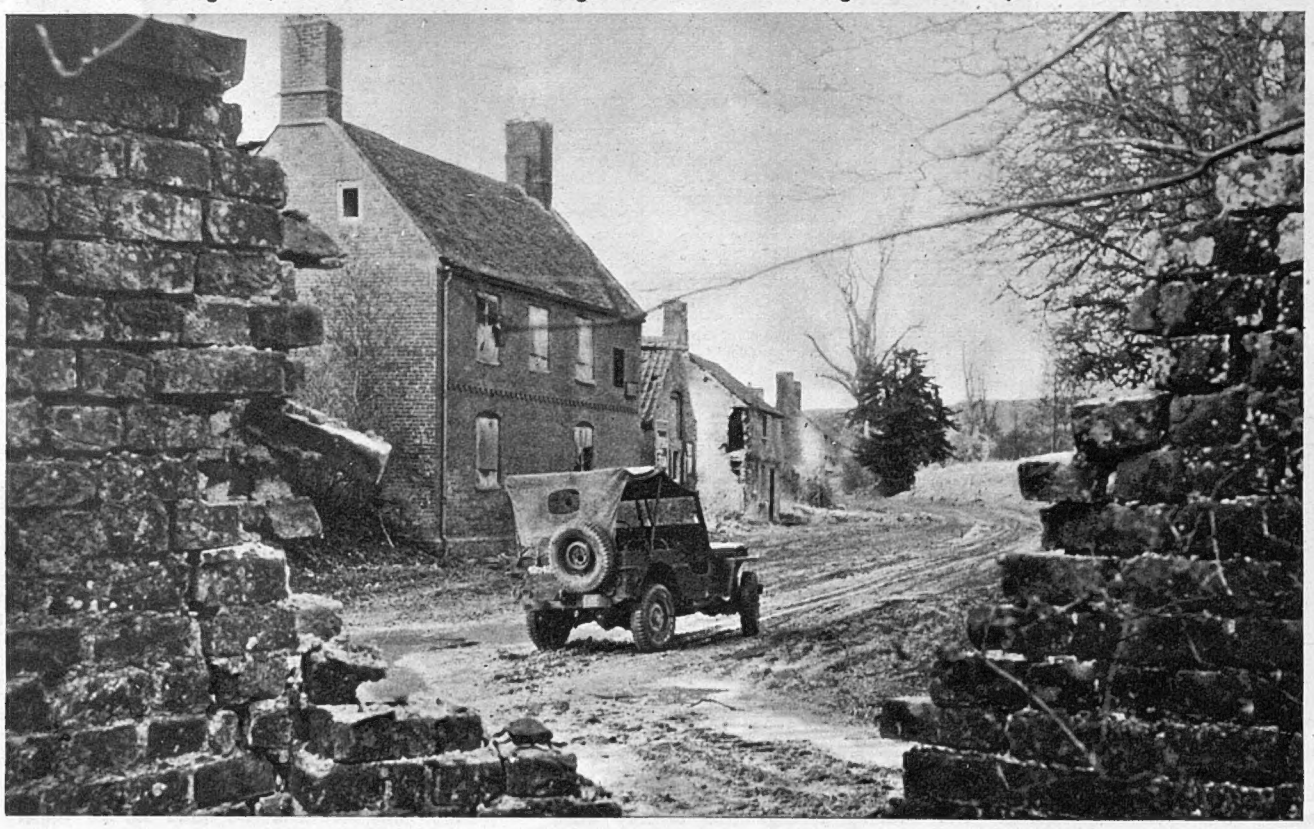
THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF IMBER, IN WILTSHIRE : Modern weapons made it necessary to abandon the 1,000-yards safety zone round the village, which forms part of the Imber estates belonging to the War Department, and, in 1943, the villagers were evacuated. They claim that a verbal pledge was given by a War Office spokesman that they could return after the war, but this has been officially denied

"DANGER — UNEXPLODED PROJECTILES" : In the background is a damaged cottage, unoccupied since the village was evacuated so that the full area of the estates could be used for training

IMBER'S MANOR HOUSE : The village has never been used for training and, although it was included in the purchase of the Imber estates by the War Office, the ecclesiastical buildings, the burial-ground and the inn were excepted from the sale. The village has, nevertheless, suffered from neglect and accidental damage



BLASTED TREES NEAR THE VILLAGE OF IMBER : The Imber estates have belonged to the War Office since 1929, but the 1,000-yards safety zone round the village provided adequate protection and life continued normally for the inhabitants until they were evacuated five years ago



When the Imber estates were purchased by the War Department between 1929 and 1932, the village of Imber was included, with the exception of the church, the burial-ground, the church school, the chapel, and the inn. The area was used for various types of training, including the firing of live ammunition, but the 1,000-yards safety zone permitted normal life to continue in the village. In 1943, however, it was decided that the village must be evacuated, as the safety zone placed too great a restriction on the use of modern weapons with their increased size and range. The village itself has not been used for any form of training, but it has suffered from neglect and from accidental damage. Now that the War Department has decided to retain the village, it will be used for training in street-fighting, and arrangements are being made with the local ecclesiastical authorities to safeguard Imber church and the burial-ground

On left—**THE VILLAGE STREET OF DESERTED IMBER : The cottages are rapidly deteriorating in spite of the fact that many were new in 1938, when £250,000 was spent on building. In 1945 a local surveyor stated that the village of Imber could be made fit for occupation within three months**

THE ANCIENT CEREMONY OF THE RECEPTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE VENERABLE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM: The Duke of Gloucester, for the first time in his office as Grand Prior, receiving the twenty-nine Knights of Justice and Knights of Grace in the Chapter Hall near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Normally, knights are received every three years, but until the occasion depicted here there had been no formal ceremony since 1936

RECEIVING THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN

The Duke of Gloucester as Grand Prior

Jerusalem was the first headquarters of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem when it was founded in 1099 for knights who would defend the hospital. Since then this Ancient Order of Christian Chivalry has known vicissitudes. After it was revived in 1557, all the ancient privileges being restored, Queen Elizabeth seized the property of the knights, who fled to Malta and made it their stronghold. It was beneath one of those banners belonging to the Malta period that the Duke of Gloucester, as Grand Prior, took part recently in the ceremony of receiving the knights. The Duke stood before the throne in the Clerkenwell Chapter Hall with Lord Clarendon, the Sub-Prior, at his right hand and Sir Edwin King, the Chancellor, at his left hand. The Duke wore a long velvet mantle embroidered with the white cross of St. John and gold lions and unicorns embroidered on the left shoulder. The knights knelt before him, and on those without the Accolade of the Realm he conferred the Accolade of the Order.

ROBED IN THE SPLENDOUR OF CHRISTIANITY'S MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF CHIVALRY: Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem awaiting the arrival of the Duke of Gloucester, the Grand Prior. Left to right—Major Richard Williams, the Duke of Wellington, Captain the Hon. James Balfour, Mr. A. C. Bossom, Lord Aberdare and Lord Willoughby de Broke

THE GRAND PRIOR RECEIVES LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR HUGH TURNBULL: On the right stands Mr. C. H. Pirie Gordon, the Director of Ceremonies, who has just invested Sir Hugh with his mantle. After addressing each of the twenty-nine dignitaries in Norman French the Duke said, "Rise, Confrère," and thus duly received him as a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem

MANY CARGOES on "THE GREEN FRONTIER"

Trafficking Between Germany's Soviet Zone and the West

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHOEVER first thought of the now moth-eaten symbolisation "iron curtain"—whether it was Mr. Churchill, or, as the Russians have averred, Dr. Goebbels—one thing is certain, and that is that there has never been anything iron or *eisenes* about it in German ears.

For Germans, the curtain did not come down in an abstract manner between Stettin and Trieste. Rather has it all along been a reality, the boundary line dividing the Soviet Zone from the British and American Zones. This is the line that has divided two worlds, for the Germans, and a peculiarly gentle designation they gave it: "*Die Gruene Grenze.*"

"The Green Frontier," on account of it running for three-quarters of its length through forest and woodlands.

How long the full border is between East and West must be a matter of opinion. Some put the distance between Lübeck, on the Baltic, and Oelnitz, on the Franconian-Czech border, at 400 miles. Others say that, if you measure the entire zigzagging, the mileage is nearer 600. To which could now be added a further 150 miles separating the Americans from the Czechs. The point is that nearly all of it is green—and entirely arbitrary as a frontier, save for the Czech part.

The German part was created at the Moscow Conference of November 1943, and a crazy business it was—and is. The pencils of then supposed friends played down the German geographic entity and selected the boundaries of the old German States for the sake of administrative convenience and little else.

As has well been said, "The Green Frontier," which has taken on such sinister shape of late, was mainly determined by half-forgotten events of history. Thus the British Zone is bounded on the east by the old state-frontiers of Schleswig-Holstein and Hanover, frontiers which, in their day, may have been created by the Salic Law or the fantasy of a Grand Elector.

Only two departures seem to have been made from this defunct cartography, and both were in Russia's favour. As holders of old Hanover and of Brunswick, we ought to have a salient across the Elbe and outposts straggling east of Russian-held Magdeburg. But everyone was for humouring the Russians, who had fought so splendidly and were going to be such good companions. . . .

The more one looks back, the clearer it becomes that all too much of what is now being visited on us dates from the trust we placed in the Russians as early as 1943. Nearly all of us were moved by deep feelings of friendship towards our Eastern ally, whom we simply could not suspect of being guilty of long-distance plans aimed at our undoing.

I say "nearly all" because I remember at least one person who thought differently. He had just returned from Moscow, that November, and shook his head over what had happened there.

"They 've got the line of the Elbe," he said. "You 're bound to know it any time."

As it turned out, "they" were to get more, for eventually the Americans also made concessions, moving right back from the Elbe in return for Berlin arrangements to-day denied or disputed by the Russians.

A very rough estimate has been made that it would need 2,000,000 men on either side of "The Green Frontier" if a continuous line were manned and supported as in the phony war of 1939-40. Until recently, those actually in position at very occasional posts, might have numbered 2,000 on either side! Mile after mile has been left totally unguarded.

As an example of this thinnest of military lines, take the British post of a dozen at Helmstedt, "gateway to the west." Helmstedt is the most important of all crossing places, yet this handful of khaki had no nearer base to draw upon than, 25 miles in rear, Brunswick. The loneliest vigils of all were those of American Mounties high on the wooded slopes of the Thuringian border. These young men sported the yellow scarfs of the U.S. Constabulary, and I believe I met the last one on leave in Heidelberg, last autumn.

He had handed over to German frontier police, and was all regret for the stillness and isolation of the forest. He had wanted it that way, and had had his watching points whence he could keep an eye on border-runners and on events in the immediate Soviet sector opposite. Odd to think—the way jeeps are multiplying—that that young man may have been the last trooper ever to patrol in Western Europe!

British and Russians likewise use German police for patrolling purposes, and these must often be the only signs of occupation that German farming communities behold for weeks at a time. Otherwise, visible activity has been concentrated at a few fixed, official crossing points, of which the best known are, perhaps, east of Lübeck, south of the Elbe at Dannenberg, at Helmstedt, and where British and Americans fuse at Bad Sachsa.

Wildly irregular, cutting across geographical and economic realities, the dividing line between two worlds has been described as indefensible.

CROSSING "THE GREEN FRONTIER": German refugees from the Soviet Zone of Germany seen trudging with their few belongings through the streets of Helmstedt after entering the British Zone. Most of the refugees attempt to cross under cover of darkness, and unless their papers are in order they never appear at a busy centre like Helmstedt

Nevertheless, this crazy "paper" line through endless woods has a very real significance for Germans. It has a sense of permanence in German minds that are giving up hope of a reunited Germany. More tangibly, "*Die Gruene Grenze*" has developed into a huge bolt-hole for human beings, foodstuffs, goods and currency.

That is largely what goes on in the green woodlands week after week of the fifty-two. The Germans make for the crossing points because road and rail communications converge on them; then they spread out into the woods if they haven't any papers or fear that those they have will not be accepted.

The human traffic is much heavier in summer when women and children, and the old and the frail, are better able to bear the ordeal. At high moments as many as 4,000 are thought to have crossed in a day in one area alone. Computation of the whole traffic is out of the question. It even varies according to whether the crossing has to be made by ice, river or mountain. One day last winter 2,000 managed to escape across the ice, at Lübeck. Whatever the Russians now say to the contrary and for their own special purposes, the flow has all along been far greater westward than eastward.

The Americans' latest monthly report for the province of Hesse alone, shows the true tenor of things. In four weeks of March 10,000 people tried to escape from the Soviet Zone. Five thousand were stopped at the frontier, 3,700 were caught after crossing the border and sent back, and 1,300 were held by the U.S. authorities—many, as usual, on suspicion of being *agents provocateurs*, spies and fifth columnists.

The British find it hard to send people back, and once escapees reach the great railway station square at Hanover, they are fairly safe. That is the sorting-out point which most of them make for.

The majority trek west to get away from the Russians. Then come those in search of families and friends. Thirdly, and a much smaller number, are the racketeers. One such from the Soviet Zone was lately found to have 40,000 razor blades; a second had a trunk crammed with thousands of Saxony-spun silk stockings. The most frequent cases are Germans running raw spirit made from potatoes in the east and marketable at a low figure in the west.

As for those who cross "The Green Frontier" going eastward, they are very largely made up of Germans seeking relatives or "home," and of black marketeers chiefly dealing in food smuggled from the western zones. The culinary *clou* is undoubtedly the piglet which, subsequently fattened in the east, will sell for thousands of marks. In order to prevent them squeaking at the critical moment, piglets are doped for the crossing of crowded frontier points. They sleep peacefully in rucksacks, or even in perambulators, hidden by bundles of clothing sufficiently unappetising to put frontier guards off.

Meat, cheese, and even bread are other constant cargoes, all acquired by the racketeers from dishonest German farmers in the west, and, therefore, ultimately paid for in dollars and pounds. A cargo of high value can be herrings which may sell in the Soviet Zone at 7s. apiece, this lowly fish being prized by the Russians much as others value trout.

Such are the kind of people who go east, over which the Russians have been making a hullabaloo. In order to find an excuse for fastening a tighter hold on "The Green Frontier," our former allies draw a picture of 214,000 Germans having fled from the "starving" western zones inside three months, to become a grievous drag on the peasants of the eastern zone. Moreover, this exodus is alleged to have precipitated a rush of "criminals, black marketeers, smugglers, bandits, spies, saboteurs and enemy agents"—all over to the Soviet Zone.

The truth of the matter is that the Russians are at last feeling the draught in regard to losing Germans, especially from Berlin. They realise that they hold less than a third of the German population. Having herded many of the old and infirm, and the useless prisoners of war, over to the west, they are determined to stop the parallel efflux that has gone on for so long, under their noses and owing to lack of guards.

Even so, it has never been a light matter to flee from the Soviet Zone. "East Refugees" might arrive licitly enough at Russian railhead, but then the trouble starts: they have to find their way over to the west with faked papers or none at all. I have seen groups so exhausted after tackling miles of paths through the woods, carrying all their possessions on their backs, that they couldn't stand up to a boy gangster. The risks have been great for many days and nights, and these refugees show it.

The best they can hope for is to buy their way over, paying tribute to German police. The worst is to be shot, or to be carried off to Russian-run mines; and for the women, to be raped and, perhaps, murdered. Murders are not infrequent at certain points and are usually the work of Soviet deserters or of D.P.s "on the run," some of whom may mark down specific escapees as likely prospects and offer to guide them.

If the "green curtain" with escape gaps in it is now to become a rigidly-held barrier on the one side, it will not be the Western allies who 'll have reason to regret the change. The Germans are the ones who will do that, especially those in the east.

AMERICA HUSTLES THROUGH MARSHALL AID

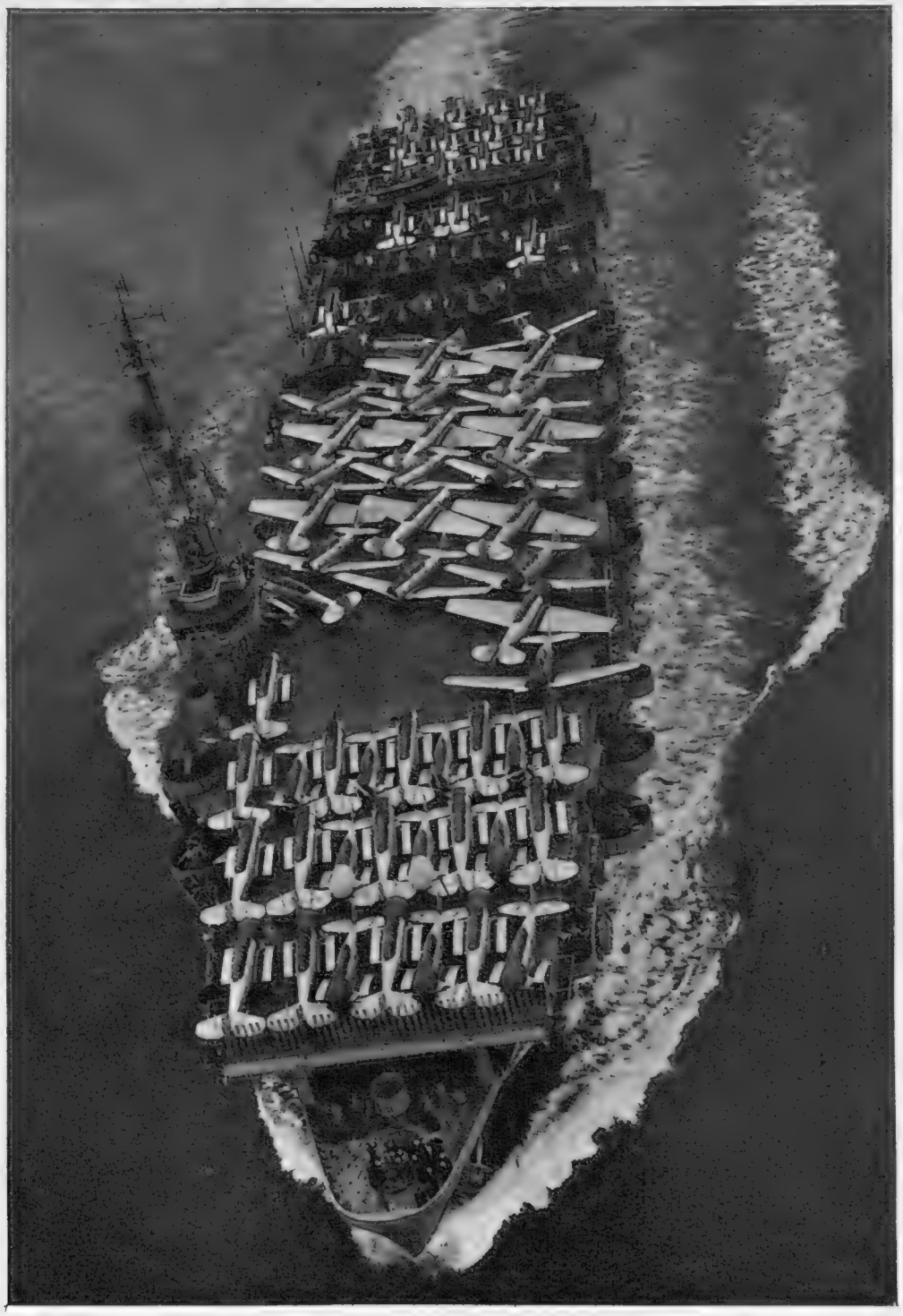
President Truman Signs the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948

THE NEW WORLD SETS OUT TO REDRESS THE BANK BALANCE OF THE OLD : President Truman signing one of the copies of the Marshall Aid Act at the White House. Standing behind him are Senator Vandenberg, Republican expert on Foreign Affairs ; Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder ; Representative Charles Eaton ; Senator Connally (formerly head of the Foreign Relations Committee) ; Secretary of the Interior Julius Krug ; Joseph Martin (Speaker of the House of Representatives) ; Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson, and Representative Sol Bloom

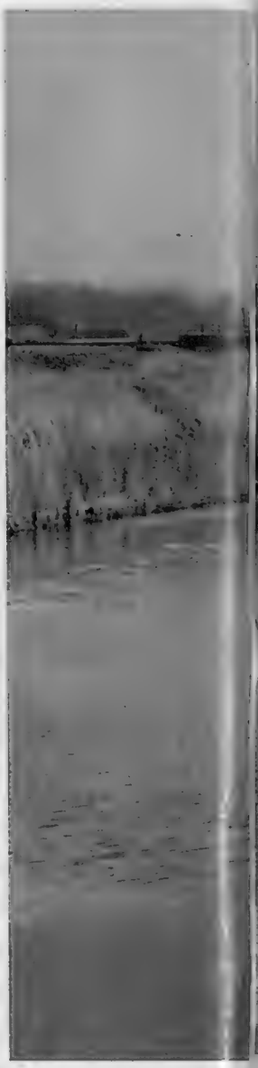
PRESIDENT TRUMAN REACHES FOR THE INKWELL : The President about to sign the Marshall Aid Act at the White House. Mr. Truman gave the pens he used for each copy to those he invited to witness the ceremony

GENERAL OF THE ARMY EISENHOWER WARNS THAT THE UNITED STATES CANNOT BE A DEMOCRACY IN A SEA OF DICTATORSHIP : The former Commander of the Allied Armies testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee in Washington. General Eisenhower urged an immediate speed-up in military training in the United States

" Few Presidents have seldom had the opportunity to sign legislation of such importance," Mr. Truman said when he put his signature to the Foreign Assistance Act. Rather than waste even a few hours for the arrangement of a ceremony, Mr. Truman brought together members of his Executive and Congressmen concerned, and within a matter of minutes the momentous Bill became law. American hustle was further evidenced by the departure on April 5 of the first shipments under the European Recovery Programme. Three of the ships—two carrying wheat and one carrying lard—were bound for Italy, now on the eve of a general election to decide the vital issues between Communism and Roman Catholicism. The signature of the Foreign Assistance Act in Washington also coincided with the reappearance of General Eisenhower on the scene, the retired Commander urging on the American nation an increasing degree of military preparedness. At the same time there are vast numbers of Americans who would appear to be urging on General Eisenhower the acceptance of the Presidential nomination. There is widespread feeling among Democrats that Eisenhower alone can save their party from a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Republicans in November



On right—**PLANES TO AID TURKEY : The U.S. carrier " Rendova " leaving San Francisco for Europe with eighty fighters for the Turkish Air Force under the terms of the £20,000,000 Military Aid Act. The " Rendova " is en route to the Bosphorus with the first of three carrier-loads of machines which will bolster up the Turkish Air Force**



CLAY FOR THE GREAT OUSE DYKES: Excavators at Sutton Gault, where many thousands of cubic yards of clay have been obtained and have been transported to parts of the Catchment area where floods broke the river-banks in 1947

BUILDING UP A FENLAND BANK WITH THE AID OF A FLOATING DRAGLINE: The dragline excavator is seen taking silt from the river-bed and placing it on the dyke as a facing for the central core of clay. Since the 1947 floods, when so much of Fenland was disastrously inundated, £432,000 has been spent on providing this first aid

A BULLDOZER AND SCRAPER AT WORK AMONG THE DYKES: Just as it needed the most powerful Admiralty pumps to drain the Great Ouse area after the winter floods last year, so does it need equally powerful equipment to restore the undermined banks

MARKING OUT THE TRACE: Surveyors at work preparing a Fenland dyke for strengthening operations. The clay core and earth will be built up to the height of the trace seen in the centre of the picture. Just below it a bulldozer is clearing away earth at a point where the 1947 floods undermined the foundations

In early spring 1947 the arable farmers of Fenland suffered a major disaster, and as a result of the floods many acres of rich agricultural land were not sown and a vital crop was lost to the nation. For weeks Admiralty and N.F.S. pumps were at work draining the fens, and they were reinforced by even bigger pumps sent over by the Dutch Government. While this was going on the Great Ouse Catchment Board were already preparing plans for the restoration of the dykes, first-aid measures that in a year have cost £432,000. Some of the results of that first-aid work are shown in the pictures on this page, but it must not be thought that because 56 miles of dyke have been raised Fenland is now wholly secure from inundation. Far from it. It is true that the raising of the Great Ouse dyke by 3 ft. has given a very full measure of protection to the farmers of Over and Haddenham fens, but for the most part it may be said that the defences have now been restored to their pre-1947 state. To make the whole area safe, nothing short of a £6,000,000 flood-prevention scheme would have to be put into practice, and this would involve a new channel for the River Ouse between Denver Sluice and King's Lynn, and another new channel to take the flood-waters of the Kennett and Wissey. The Catchment Board also faces a new problem in the ravages of the nutria rat, which burrows extensively in the dykes.

REPAIRING THE FLOOD RAVAGES IN FENLAND

56 Miles of Bank Raised to Make Good Last Year's Damage

THE RESTORED DYKE OF THE RIVER WISSEY: On the far bank the 1947 floods caused so many subsidences that there has been no alternative but to reconstruct the whole dyke for a distance of two miles. When this picture was taken the light railway laid along the top of the bank to carry sand and clay had lately been removed, and the repair gangs had moved on to another area of Fenland. The problem of keeping the fens free of floodwater is an ever-increasing one because the level of the land continues to sink as the peat decomposes. Irish labourers are being employed extensively in the work of reconstruction

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE RIVER WISSEY DEFENCES: A view of the light railway along which sand and clay were carried during the reconstruction of a two-mile stretch of the river-bank. The clay was brought from the clay-pits operated by the Catchment Board. Of the banks which have been raised perhaps the most important is that along the main River Ouse from near Over to Mepal. Here the bank has been raised 3 ft. for a distance of 8½ miles

THE FINNISH PREMIER ARRIVES IN MOSCOW TO JOIN HIS COLLEAGUES : Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, and on his left hand Mr. Pekkala, the ailing Prime Minister of Finland, passing the guard of honour drawn up at the Central Aerodrome, Moscow, following Mr. Pekkala's arrival in a plane provided by the Russians. This insistence by Moscow on the presence of the Finnish Premier was regarded as ominous in Helsinki. Later the Finns returned home for fresh orders and two delegates, several hours behind the time limit laid down by the Russians, took back to Mr. Molotov the new instructions. The Finnish President fully agreed to the terms on April 6 after the Russians had agreed to the modification of some of the stringent military clauses. The pact is to last ten years

The Foreign Scene Surveyed from

MODERN AMERICA TO ANCIENT EGYPT

PRESIDENT TRUMAN DISTRIBUTES HONOURS TO EIGHT WOMEN : Mr. Truman seen as he handed out the certificates to the recipients who had been named by the Women's National Press Club of America in Washington. On the left are Representative Margaret Chase Smith (Politics); Dr. Gerty Cori (Science); Miss Ingrid Bergman (the Theatre); and Dr. Laura Zirbes (Education). On the right are Rebecca West (British novelist and reporter), who receives the Club's international award for her book, *The Meaning of Treason*; Dr. Dorothy Brady (Economics); Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid (Public Service), President of the *New York Herald Tribune*; and Jean Stafford (Literature)

NOT QUITE SO GOOD AS A WISCONSIN PRIMARY! General Douglas MacArthur has in Ioshio Oda (right) a devoted supporter. He is a Tokyo building contractor, and is self-styled campaign manager for the General in his fight for the American Presidency. Ioshio is seen adjusting the arm-band of Chiaki Matsuda, a Waseda University student and one of a group of students canvassing Tokyo for signatures endorsing MacArthur's candidature. Oda plans to send the signatures to MacArthur

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MEETS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA : Mr. Truman in conversation with Field Marshal Viscount Alexander at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, after they had both received the degree of Doctor of Law. The smiling figure behind the President is that of Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, who was the guest of honour at this special convocation of the College and also received a doctorate. Mr. John Pomfret, the College President, stands between Mr. Truman and Lord Alexander. Lord Alexander delivered the principal address, and another speaker was Mr. William Tuck, the Governor of Virginia. Mr. Tuck has been the leader of the revolt in the South against Mr. Truman's civil rights programme

THE NEW RULER OF YEMEN—THE PRINCE WHO HAS DRIVEN OUT THE USURPER : Prince Ahmed, son of the murdered Imam Yehia, has regained the throne for his dynasty by the defeat of the merchant Al Wazir, who obtained temporary control in Sana. Al Wazir and members of his short-lived Government are now prisoners

EXCAVATING THE ANCIENT FORTRESS AT AMARAH WEST : Store-rooms in the Governor's Palace found during digging operations by two London archæologists on this site in the North Sudan near the present Egyptian frontier. The archæologists have discovered that Amarah West was built and rebuilt no fewer than five times in 400 years, for although the ancient Egyptian warriors guarding the Upper Nile successfully repelled the attacks of rebellious Nubian hordes, they waged a losing battle with the sand-laden desert wind. About 1080 B.C. Amarah was finally abandoned and, being overwhelmed by the sand and buried deep, it has not received the attention of robbers to the extent that other Egyptian cities have in the past. Amarah West formerly stood on an island site in the midst of the Nile, but in the course of centuries the great river has changed its course more than once. The garrison not only controlled and guarded shipping on the Nile, but also watched over the desert caravans. The recent excavations have been carried out by Mr. H. W. Fairman, the director of the expedition, who was accompanied by Mr. Peter G. Fell, a London University student. The two men hope to resume digging early in November

A SECTION OF THE GOVERNOR'S BATHROOM IN THE FORTRESS TOWN OF AMARAH WEST : The stone slab served as a bath, and on this the Governor stood as a slave poured water over him. The waste water drained into the hole in the foreground

THE 500TH UNITED STATES AID SHIP ARRIVES IN ITALY : The "John Murray Forbes" dressed overall as she docked at Taranto. To mark the occasion the United States Ambassador to Italy, Mr. James C. Dunn, visited Taranto for the unloading ceremony, and a United States Navy guard of honour was on duty on the quayside. The arrival of the 500th ship in the port of Taranto was calculated to have a marked effect upon Italian people at a time when they were preparing to take part in the most momentous election in their history

FRAU HESS FACES A DENAZIFICATION COURT IN BAVARIA : The wife of the former Deputy Führer (who received a long-term sentence at Nuremberg), seen in the court at Goeggingen, where she was released from internment and placed on probation for six months after paying a fine of 2,000 marks. Frau Hess testified she had no social connections with Nazi leaders

WITH THIS LOOM FRANCE MAY REVOLUTIONISE HER TEXTILE INDUSTRY : The machine, circular in form and electrically operated, is the invention of M. Ancet, a former officer in the French Army, and he is to demonstrate it at the forthcoming Lyons Industrial Fair. The loom is capable of weaving at three times normal speeds, and of dealing with all fabrics from the coarsest to the finest. It can be adapted for knitting operations. Several models will be in operation at the Lyons Fair. Two of them are shown behind the working model in this picture

THE WRECKAGE OF THE BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS VIKING: All that remained of the air-liner, which collided with a Russian fighter of the Yak type just before it was going to land at Gatow airport in the British sector of Berlin. The Viking was making a left-hand turn preparatory to the run-in when the fighter dived. The Yak then passed beneath the Viking, rose too sharply, and the wings of the machines met

BRITISH AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH: Major-General E. O. Herbert (right), commander of the British Forces in the Berlin sector, escorting Red Army men towards the wreckage of the Yak fighter. As a result of this initial investigation the Soviet military administration issued a communique expressing deep regret, and Marshal Sokolovsky personally expressed his regrets to General Robertson, the British Military Governor in Berlin. The Marshal, however, subsequently made it clear that Russia would not agree to a Four-Power inquiry

IN BERLIN
AFTER THE COLLISION BETWEEN YAK AND VIKING
The Aftermath of the Corridor Tragedy

Although the Russian military authorities expressed immediate regrets for the Viking air disaster over Gatow, the mood of conciliation did not last, and Marshal Sokolovsky's subsequent note emphatically placed the blame on the British pilot of the Viking air-liner. The Marshal declared that the Viking came out of the clouds and collided with the Russian Yak, which was about to land. The British version clearly indicated that the Yak was being manœuvred in irresponsible fashion. The disaster, coming as it did in the midst of the Berlin communications crisis, brought tension to its height. Last Monday there were further developments in Berlin and Vienna when the Russians tightened their grip on the roads.

A DISASTER WHICH HAS CAUSED THE DEEPEST MISGIVINGS IN BERLIN: *Left*—Russian officers arriving on the scene of the air disaster. The wreckage of the crashed Yak fighter can be seen in the field in the distance. *Right*—A sergeant of the military police halting a light Russian truck which was approaching the wreckage. The whole affair has been a profound shock to the Western Allies. Any suggestion that the fighter-pilot rammed the Viking has been discounted, but it seems to be generally regarded that he acted in a spirit of irresponsibility rather typical of the mood of the Soviet forces in Germany to-day

THE IRON CURTAIN ON THE IRON ROAD—EVIDENCE OF THE PREVAILING RUSSIAN ATTITUDE: As part of their security arrangements the Soviet authorities have removed one of the railway tracks running from the edge of the Russian Zone into Berlin. The notice by the track stands on the Russian borderline

A TRAIN ARRIVES FROM THE WEST AND IS HALTED ON THE BORDERS OF THE RUSSIAN ZONE: The rest of the journey into Eastern Germany must be completed on foot. These travellers are mostly Germans from the British Zone visiting relatives in Russian-occupied Saxony

To-day Saxony in the east, and Westphalia, Prussia and Bavaria in the west and south, are as thoroughly divided as any two sovereign nations. Elsewhere in this issue Ferdinand Tuohy discusses this Green Line that divides East and West Germany, and these two pictures give further evidence of the way in which the people are cut off from each other. If a daughter in Dusseldorf or any other town of Westphalia wants to see her mother and father in Dresden, she can go to the Saxon border by train, but thereafter the journey must be on foot. By cutting these East-West rail links the Russians have made sure that no democratic taint shall be introduced into their Zone, and the chances of a Government of All-Germany are now as remote as at any time. The attempt to freeze the Western Allies out of Berlin was temporarily overshadowed by the Viking air disaster and all its implications of irresponsibility, or worse. Last week-end, however, it became apparent that Russia had no intention of relaxing her efforts at freezing out.

THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF IN WESTPHALIA—THE VISIT OF FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY TO MELLE IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF GERMANY PRIOR TO HIS JOURNEY TO BERLIN: *Left to right*—Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, the G.O.C. Rhine Army and formerly the popular commander of 30th Corps; General Sir Brian Robertson, British Military Governor of Berlin; Viscount Montgomery; and Major-General W. H. Stratton, Chief of Staff, Rhine Army. This meeting at Melle followed Lord Montgomery's visit to Belgium and came just after the news of the air disaster in Berlin. After conferring with his colleagues at Melle, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff flew on to Berlin, where he fulfilled a crowded programme, visiting the principal military establishments and noting the excellent bearing and high spirits of the troops. In company with General Robertson he dined with Marshal Sokolovsky

SHEFFIELD, CITY OF STEEL, IS BEING ASKED TO DO BETTER THAN ITS BEST: A general view of the vast, sprawling city half-hidden beneath its perpetual smoke-pall. Sheffield is playing a vital part in Britain's recovery, and last autumn contributed to Britain's all-time record in steel production. Now the sights have been set higher for 1948, for there is nothing that can strengthen the nation's economic position better than a further substantial rise in steel production

SHEFFIELD ROLLS OUT THE STEEL

Breaking Records in Providing One of the Vital Raw Materials of Recovery

During the war Britain's gross loss in shipping represented over 6,000,000 tons of steel. The gas industry, our power stations, our railways, and some of our industrial plants were all starved of steel. All that has now to be made good; but more than that, we must export at least 1,000,000 tons of steel to help pay for the food and raw materials that we must import. This is the problem which the nation is asking Sheffield, its chief steel-producer, and other centres to continue facing in the year 1948, and despite the great records achieved in steel production in 1947, the order has gone forth that if we are to survive our steel industry must do better than its best. The reason the Sheffield workers did so well in 1947 was because they accepted the necessity for continuous shift-working. This piece of self-sacrifice, on a par with the miners' temporary shelving of the five-day week, made possible that record week last October when output reached 281,400 tons.

AN INGOT IS THRUST INTO THE INFERNO: This is done by the travelling ram, which is seen passing down the line of furnaces at the Sheffield steel mills of Messrs. Steele, Peech and Tozer. As the furnace door opens, the works are momentarily and glaringly illuminated

A CAULDRON OF MOLTEN STEEL PASSES OVER THE MOULDS: As the white-hot metal descends, it sends out a cascade of sparks. The man who operates the cauldron wears dark glasses

THE SPRAWLING, CHAOTIC AND PLANLESS CITY TO WHICH BRITAIN OWES SO MUCH IN WAR AND PEACE: Two views of Sheffield, showing the smoke-laden industrial heart of the city. It was early in the eighteenth century that steel-making became important in Sheffield, and it has remained important ever since. In two world wars it has been the chief armament centre of the British Isles, and now in 1948, when Britain is fighting her greatest battle for production, it is a focal-point of our all-out drive for exports. The first ironworks were established in Sheffield because of the presence in the area of water power, timber for charcoal, and iron ore. At a later period coal, hard sandstone for grindstones, limestone for flux and fireclay, were all found in Hallamshire

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FACTORIES AND MILLS OF THE WEST RIDING'S INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL: Another view of the steel city of Sheffield, which, from the low ground along the Don, sprawls over the valleys of the Loxley, Rivelin and Sheaf. Armour-plate for warships, guns, and turbines are among the main wartime productions of Sheffield, and nowadays it is also becoming known as a world centre for research in the manufacture and use of glass. From an industrial point of view Sheffield was fortunate during the war, and the Luftwaffe never managed to put the city's key industries out of action

ITALY ON THE EVE OF THE VITAL ELECTIONS

A Display of Armed Might by the Government, and a Spate of Oratory from Both Sides

WATCHING THE PARADE OF ITALY'S ARMED MIGHT: Signor Orlando (centre), Italy's veteran Defence Minister and one of the Big Four of World War I, seen on the rostrum with the Prefect of Rome (left) and the Soviet Military Attaché (second from left), at the eve of the General Election parade held in Rome's Foro Imperiali. Not since the days of Mussolini has there been such a display of military might in the Italian capital

The total forces now available to the Italian State now number 350,000. Should any party feel tempted to dispute the result of to-morrow's General Election, the de Gasperi Government recently paraded 25,000 of that force through the streets of Rome in order to show just what they would be up against. This aspect of the parade was emphasised by the presence of a large force of carabinieri. Since the disorders attendant on the strikes last November, which stretched the capacity of the police forces to the utmost, the carabinieri, who form the strategic mobile reserve for the maintenance of internal security, have been much strengthened.

MASSED MIGHT IN THE FORO IMPERIALI—AND A WARNING TO ANY PARTY THAT MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO SEIZE THE STATE BY UNCONSTITUTIONAL MEANS: An overhead view of the great parade when about 25,000 troops and police of the Rome area marched between hand-clapping multitudes. The official reason for the parade was the reconstitution of the Sardinian Grenadier Division

MACHINE-GUN UNITS PASS THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE: Another view of the formidable parade of Italian might which was clearly intended by the Government to show the people of Rome the nature of the forces it has at its disposal. After the parade down the Foro Imperiali the units split up to show the flag in various quarters of the city

A COMMUNIST IS ARRESTED IN THE STREETS OF GORIZIA: He had just been rescued from a hostile crowd when delivering an inflammatory election speech in the city. The Communists say that if Marshal Tito gets Gorizia he will be willing to give Trieste to Italy

SUPPORT FOR THE PRIME MINISTER : *Left*—Signor de Gasperi arriving for a crowded meeting at Cassino. With him is an old friend, Francesco Fagnoni, the village priest of Pagnataro, who came to pay his respects to the Premier and to wish him well in the struggle against Communism. *Right*—A portrait of de Gasperi being carried by his supporters at the Cassino meeting. In the background is one of the new buildings that have lately risen in this battle-scarred town

As election fever has mounted in Italy signs have not been wanting that the Communists have been losing support in some areas, as witness leader Togliatti's much-advertised speech at Lecca, which drew a crowd of only 20,000 when 50,000 people were expected. A more serious threat to Communist success has lain in the split among the extreme Socialists under Signor Nenni. These Left-Wing Socialists are not all willing to oppose the Marshall Plan, for the simple reason that Socialism throughout the world has declared in the Plan's favour. As the election partner of the Communists, Nenni has no alternative but to oppose Marshall Aid. Giuseppe Romita is the leader of the opposition to Nenni within Left-Socialist ranks, and it looks as if his attitude may have a decisive bearing on to-morrow's polling. If the Communist-Socialist Popular Front gets less than 200 seats out of the 574 seats in the Chamber, this would mean total defeat for its hopes of forcing representation in the new Government. The Communists are pursuing unusual tactics. The Red Flag is nowhere to be seen, and they even go so far as to proclaim Garibaldi, the great Liberal, as their hero. In Southern Italy the Communist agents are touring the country and telling the peasantry how the great estates will be divided up when the Communists come to power. In the north people are being told that Marshal Tito has promised the return of Trieste to Italy. Last Monday the Communists called an hour-long general strike throughout Italy

LUIGI LONGO HOLDS FORTH AT SESTO SAN GIOVANNI : Italy's No. 2 Communist addressing a meeting of 2,000 Communist supporters. He bitterly attacked the Marshall Plan

TOGLIATTI ADDRESSES A COMMUNIST RALLY IN ROME : Italy's No. 1 Communist speaking to a crowded gathering. Only a few days before he suffered a setback at Lecca, being hissed by the audience after attacking Marshall Aid

AN ANTI-COMMUNIST GATHERING : Students parading past the Rome headquarters of the Communist newspaper "L'Unita." They carried a banner bearing the words "Trieste Italiana"

A COMMUNIST PARADE IN ROME : Some of the supporters of the extreme left who came out to hear Togliatti. As in the Monarchist demonstration, Trieste loomed large on their banners, and there were also references to the lost towns of Tenda and Briga, which have gone to France

ARRAN COMPLAINS OF ISOLATION

And Other News of Home Interest

Take a glance at any map of Scotland published a quarter of a century ago and you will see a network of shipping routes to the isle of Arran, from Ardrossan to Brodick, from Ayr to Brodick, from Ayr to Lamlash, and from Gourock to Brodick. To-day all but one of those services have disappeared, and the men and women of Arran are, backed by the Duke of Montrose, complaining of their isolation. They say that in 1890 steamers completed the trip from Glasgow in ninety minutes while to-day the journey may take up to four hours. British Railways declare on the other hand that the journey takes 3 hours 5 minutes, and that a stepping-up in the service is quite possible this Summer

"IT'S ARRANT NONSENSE!" SAY THE ISLANDERS: The "Glen Sannox," the one daily steamer to the Isle of Arran, leaving the little port of Brodick after bringing the mails, freight, newspapers and passengers to this Scottish outpost. The people of Arran are complaining of the slowness of the service compared with the 1890 service

GOING ASHORE AT BRODICK: Passengers leaving the "Glen Sannox," Arran's once-daily steamer. There is no Sunday service at the moment, but two trips are made on Saturdays

PREPARING THE NEW "CRESTED EAGLE" FOR HER CAREER ON THE THAMES: Men at work at Deptford fitting out the pleasure steamer for her activities this spring and summer when she will join the "Royal Daffodil" and the "Royal Eagle" in carrying holiday-makers. The new *Crested Eagle*, replacing the celebrated steamer lost at Dunkirk, is a twin-screw Diesel-engined boat. She was formerly known as the *Royal Lady*, and before the war was particularly well known to holiday visitors on the north-east coast

HE COLLECTS KISSES FROM THE GIRLS AND PENNIES FROM THE YOUNG MEN: While Mr. Sidney Bushnell, town crier of Hungerford, sounds the Lucas horn to proclaim Hungerford's Hocktide ceremonies, Mr. A. L. Berry, local bank manager, holds the flower-decorated stave of the tutti-man. Armed with this stave, and accompanied by other tutti-men, he goes through the town collecting dues. Nowadays the dues are kisses and pennies; but in mediæval times the tutti-men collected the tithes due to the Church, the men paying their tribute on Hock Monday and the women on Hock Tuesday. This Berkshire festival recalls the granting of common rights by John of Gaunt to ninety-nine families of the borough of Hungerford

THE LIGHTSHIP THAT CUT ADRIFT IN A GALE: The Seven Stones lightship being towed into Penzance Harbour, where she will be equipped with a new anchor cable. She had just lost 217 fathoms of steel cable and a three-ton anchor, and as a result had drifted fourteen miles from her station, which is 8 miles north of the Scilly Isles. It all happened during a 70-m.p.h. gale. After the gale had abated and the lightship had been taken in tow, a Trinity House vessel laid a buoy to mark the unguarded Seven Stones Reef. The lightship is one of the new models with a light of 300,000 candle-power. New amenities, including showers, are provided for the crew

JOURNEY TO SAFETY: Another view of the Seven Stones lightship as she came into Penzance Harbour to repair the damage of the gale. In the far distance across the bay can be seen St. Michael's Mount

THE THIRTEEN NEW KING'S COUNSEL WHO WERE SWORN IN AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS LAST WEEK AND WERE CALLED WITHIN THE BAR AT THE LAW COURTS: Among the thirteen are two former Chief Justices in Overseas Territories. Left to right—Sir Frederick Gentle (former Chief Justice of the High Court of Madras); Mr. Granville Sharp (Recorder of King's Lynn since 1943); Mr. Gerald Alfred Thesiger (former Mayor of Chelsea); Mr. Alan Walmsley; Sir Thomas Percival Creed (former Chief Justice of the Sudan); Mr. James Mould; Mr. Gerald Austin Gardiner; Mr. William Diplock; the Hon. Charles Ritchie Russell; Mr. Edward Milner Holland; Mr. William Harvey Moore; Sir Harold Duncan (Legal Adviser to the Dominions and the Colonial Office, 1943-45); and Mr. Philip Morle

WHAT PRICE GLORY? William Price, one of the excavators working on the corner of Langham Street and Great Portland Street, holding one of the wooden water-pipes which he unearthed and which are believed to date from the seventeenth century. The pipes are fashioned out of oak tree-trunks

THE FORDSON MULEDOZER AT WORK: Foreign buyers and Government officials were among those who visited Langley Park, Slough, to see a demonstration of this powerful new equipment. The muledozer is designed for multi-purpose bulldozing on a half-track Fordson tractor. The blade is raised and lowered by means of a screw-jack which responds to finger-tip control. The driver is seen with his right hand on the screw-jack, and he is steering the Fordson Major with his left hand. Many of these tractors will go to Europe

PICCADILLY'S FIRST—AND PROBABLY LAST—PREFABRICATED HOUSE IS NOW READY FOR DECORATING AND FURNISHING: It has been built on a blitzed site on the corner of Swallow Street and Piccadilly and near Piccadilly Place. The house has been put up for exhibition purposes, and it will remain there for several weeks. It will be fully-furnished and, in due course, a garden will be laid out. No family, however, will have the privilege of receiving letters addressed "Prefab., Piccadilly"

PRESERVING HOGARTH'S HOUSE

And Other Places of Architectural Interest That Are in the News

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK IS TO BE REPAIRED : An artist's impression of the garden front of the house as it will appear when restoration work is complete, following the ravages of the blitz. Despite its present dilapidated state, it is hoped the house may be made to look much as it did in the years from 1749 until Hogarth's death in 1764. Hogarth called the house his "little red-brick country box by the Thames"—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE REAR OF THE HOGARTH HOUSE AT CHISWICK : On this frontage the present dilapidation of the building is clearly evidenced

The "little red-brick country box by the Thames," where William Hogarth spent his declining years, still stands in the lane leading from the Duke's Avenue towards Chiswick Church, and it is good to know that it is shortly to be put into full repair. Hogarth's other house, that in Leicester Fields, no longer exists, and it was only by the narrowest of shaves that the Chiswick residence escaped destruction during the blitz. The Hogarth House was purchased for restoration in 1890 by Mr. Alfred Dawson, an old resident in Chiswick, and in 1901 it passed into the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Shipway, who in turn gave it into the keeping of Middlesex County Council, which, since the early years of the present century, has held it in trust for the public benefit. After the house was blitzed a number of Hogarth's pictures, as well as many other objects associated with the artist, were stored in Chiswick Public Library, and they have lately been moved by Middlesex County Council to a room at Osterley Park, where they are being placed on view until such time as the Hogarth House is restored. To-day in the nightingale-haunted garden of Hogarth House there is no trace of the filbert avenue where the painter was wont to play ninepins. The outbuildings at the end of the garden have long been pulled down, and two quaint little tombstones to a dog, Pompey, and a bullfinch, Dick, one of which was put up by Hogarth himself, only exist now in a sketch made of them in 1848.

THE HOGARTH HOUSE AS IT IS IN APRIL 1948 : The famous residence, the long garden wall facing a blitzed site. After Hogarth's death in 1764 Mrs. Hogarth continued to live there for twenty-five years. When she died at the age of eighty she was buried beside her husband in Chiswick Churchyard—*Drawing by Percy Home*

A REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN HAMPSTEAD WAS A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE—TWO FAMOUS LANDMARKS, ONE TO DISAPPEAR AND THE OTHER TO BE PRESERVED : *Left*—Weatherall House, with its Long Room, celebrated for dances and assemblies, seen in course of demolition. *Right*—A few yards farther along the Well Walk is Burgh House, which has been acquired by Hampstead Council and may become a community centre

Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, Hampstead was only a small village. Defoe waxed almost lyrical about its charm. At that time its chalybeate springs leapt into popularity, and when Dr. Gibbons, a resident physician, praised the qualities of the water, crowds not only flocked there, but those who could not travel so far were offered it in flasks at the Eagle and Child, in Fleet Street, and at the Sugar Loaf, Charing Cross. Well Walk commemorates the site of the springs, and there was situated the pump room, which was pulled down in 1880. Weatherall House has remained another sixty-eight years as a reminder of Hampstead's heyday as a spa, and now that in turn is being demolished. The dances and assemblies in the Long Room at Weatherall House attracted many of the famous, including Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Fanny Burney. The present demolition of Weatherall House, to make way for Hampstead's housing site No. 4, temporarily gives a better view of Burgh House, which the Council may turn into a community centre

GRANTHAM CASTLE, HARLAXTON, HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE ORDER OF JESUS : The entrance to the house, which is to be used as a college for members of the Order. The house was the home of Mrs. Van der Elst after 1937. It was built in 1837, as the figures on the main façade boldly proclaim

On right —In a letter to the Press, the President of St. John's College, the Warden of Wadham College, the Secretary of the Oxford Preservation Trust, and the Acting Secretary of the Georgian Group are seeking to rally lovers of ... rd to the defence of the Radcliffe Observatory, which, they say, is threatened ... defacement. "Whether regarded for the delicacy of its sculptural detail ... the nice relation of window to wall space or its subtly-arranged grouping ... means of wings with Observer's House, it is easily the most outstanding ... eighteenth-century building in Oxford," runs this protest. "The south ...ontage," continues the letter, "has already been built up with brick buildings ...t of scale and out of texture with the observatory. It is now proposed to ...mplete the destruction by obscuring the north, the best, front with a home ... nurses. The purpose of such a building is, of course, of great importance, and we do not wish to question the necessity; but it seems difficult to believe that another site, in North Oxford . . . cannot be found as an alternative"

THE PRESIDENT OF ST. JOHN'S AND THE GEORGIAN GROUP HAVE LEAPT TO THE DEFENCE OF THE RADCLIFFE OBSERVATORY : A view of the celebrated observatory which is threatened by the encroachment of other buildings, including a home for nurses which, it is feared, may mar its aspect. The observatory was built between the years 1772 and 1778

WHERE STUDENTS WILL LEARN THE TENETS OF THE INDUSTRIAL CHARTER : Swinton Castle, Masham, Yorkshire, seen in its parkland, has been lent by Lord Swinton to house the new Conservative college of the north. It is situated at the foot of Wensleydale, in one of the most beautiful parts of the county. The first week-end course was held during Easter. The formal opening of the college will take place in the summer, when it is hoped that Lord Woolton chairman of the Conservative Party, will perform the ceremony. Courses will be held each week-end and will ultimately extend to a full week

FELLING A FINE OLD OAK WITH A CROSS-CUT SAW : Men at work cutting a tree to provide timber for the interior of the new House of Commons. The oaks have been selected from estates situated in Shropshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire. The work of selecting the trees and supplying the processed timber to the woodworkers has been entrusted to Messrs. Ashworth, of Manchester. The logs are cut at their sawmills at Newport, Shropshire

ENGLISH OAK FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

Transporting the Logs from the Forest to the Sawmill

EN ROUTE FOR THE SAWMILLS : Three giant oak logs destined eventually for the House of Commons are drawn through a forest clearing by tractor. Some of the timber which has come from the Shrawley Estate, Worcestershire, has been felled from a belt of trees valued at £1 each in a census taken in 1733

A GIANT OAK IS FELLED ON THE SHRAWLEY ESTATE, WORCESTERSHIRE : The men with the cross-cut are stepping aside as the great tree falls in the intended direction. Only the bole of the tree up to the first branches is suitable for the House of Commons contract. After cutting down, the timber is despatched by road to the sawmills

A LOG PASSES THROUGH THE SAWMILLS AT NEWPORT : On arrival the logs are first cross-cut, and they are then quartered longitudinally—a method not usually employed commercially, but necessary if the finest figuring is to be brought out

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's plans for the interior of the new House of Commons demand oak of the finest figure. Trees that can yield high-grade logs of the required size are not plentiful in this country, and it seemed at first that the Ministry of Works was faced with a monster problem. An additional stumbling-block lay in the fact that it has long been customary to insist that English oak for use in interior decorative work should be dried "in Nature's way—a year to an inch of thickness, come rain, come fine." The plan to instal modern air conditioning in the new building made it essential, however, to use scientifically seasoned English oak. Only timber treated in this way will have the uniformity of condition and low moisture content necessary to minimise the dangers of distortion, surface checking and other faults so common in air-dried timber used in these circumstances.

After the matter had been investigated by the Ministry of Works and the Forest Products Research Laboratory, approval was given for Messrs. Ashworth and Co., of Manchester, to undertake all the work from selecting the trees to supplying the processed timber to the woodworkers. On this page the cutting and transporting of some of this valuable timber is seen in progress, the selected oaks coming from celebrated woodlands lying along the Welsh Marches and being sawn at Messrs. Ashworth's sawmills at Newport, Salop. On arrival at Messrs. Ashworth's the logs are first cross-cut, then quartered longitudinally and sawn into boards.

The boards and planks are trimmed to remove the sap-wood, which is easily damaged by insects. They are then moved to the sorting sheds and inspected piece by piece for allotment to sections of the work before being removed to the piling-ground. In covered marshalling grounds the timber is stacked, with exact uniformity of spacing, on bogies ready for transfer to the conditioning chambers. In these chambers the temperature, air circulation and humidity are controlled to ensure the most suitable rate of drying, and the seasoning process is reduced from a matter of years to weeks.

HEARING THE FIRST NEWS FROM DOWN BELOW: M. Armorin, correspondent of the French newspaper "Franc Tireur," listening-in on the "walkie-talkie" apparatus to the impressions of the members of Avignon Speleological Society, who were attempting to reach the bottom of the swallow-hole of Caladaire, the celebrated cleft in the Basses-Alpes to the east of Avignon. This time the explorers attained a record depth of 1,633 ft., and they then abandoned the attempt to reach the bottom until they could get hold of suitable equipment. In the course of their subterranean travels they discovered a vast underground river

EXPLORING THE SWALLOW-HOLE OF CALADAIRE

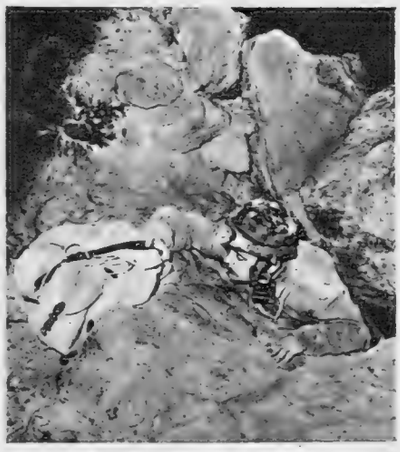
Speleologists Make a Descent of 1,633 ft. at Caladaire in the Basses-Alpes

Speleology is a science that is currently enjoying a new lease of life in Britain, France and the United States, and not without good reason, for in an atomic war the familiar military phrase "defence in depth" could take on an entirely new meaning. The Avignon Speleological Society is particularly active, and some of its leading members spent their Easter holidays exploring the celebrated swallow-hole of Caladaire. They hoped to reach the bottom of this immense cleft, beneath the Basses-Alpes, but when they gave up the expedition at 1,633 ft., partly through exhaustion and partly through lack of winching equipment, there was no indication of the cleft's termination. At about 300 ft. the party discovered a number of skeletons, and at 900 ft. they came upon what appeared to be an impassable barrier in the form of a massive wall of clay. A careful search resulted in the discovery of a half-hidden passage-way 120 ft. higher up the cavern, and this took the explorers on the final stage down to 1,633 ft. In the course of this last stage they came upon cascades of water, and there was evidence in the area of oil deposits. When Andre Lenain, President of the Avignon Speleological Society, abandoned the attempt to reach the bottom of the swallow-hole, he declared that he would make another attempt in the near future.

THE TELEPHONIST WHO MAINTAINED CONTACT WITH THE SURFACE: Here he is seated comfortably on a boulder 1,600 ft. below ground and relaying to the top latest news of the expedition's progress

GROPING THEIR WAY THROUGH A SUBTERRANEAN WONDERLAND: Members of Avignon Speleological Society seen during their descent in the hole of Caladaire. One of their objects was to find the source of the fountain of Vaucluse, and another was to break the world's record for a descent beneath the earth

DOWN ANOTHER 200 FT.: A member of Avignon Speleological Society dangling from the rope which is controlled from above by hand-winch. As he descends into the cavern he revolves



PASSING FROM ONE CAVERN TO ANOTHER: A member of the expedition surmounting a difficult obstacle at a depth of about 300 ft. It was at this point that the party discovered a number of skeletons

OPERATING THE HAND-WINCH: A member of the expedition about to descend from the 300-ft. level to the 500-ft. level. In addition to the hand-winch a secondary rope is available to ensure his safety

THE C.O.I. TELLS US WHAT TO DO

An Organisation that Miraculously Survived the War

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the questions asked in the House of Commons on Budget Day concerned the Central Office of Information, the suggestion being that members of this organisation must have had some pre-knowledge of the new taxes. The C.O.I., indeed, is continually under public discussion. Less than three weeks ago John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P. for Kingston-on-Thames, raised the question of its probity. He said, in effect, that it was impossible for a Government-sponsored department to separate factual statements from partisan directives. Those were not exactly his words. But the inference was that (i) the Central Office of Information was spending a great deal of public money, and (ii) that it was inherently impossible to draw a distinction between information and persuasion.

To-day, the C.O.I. is spending £4,000,000 a year and employing 1,700 people. This compares favourably, or unfavourably (according to your politics), with the £7,000,000 spent and 6,500 people employed by the Ministry of Information in 1945. The latter died officially on March 31, 1946, eight months after VJ-Day. During the previous twelve months the Government had been discussing its future. There were three choices. Was it to be sunk without trace? Was it to continue as a Ministry? Or was there to be some intermediate organisation?

Brendan Bracken, the last Minister of Information, made it quite clear, while the war was still on, that he could not anticipate any happier event than the day when he would be able to destroy his own Ministry. Shortly afterwards, following the General Election, he was out of office and it was left to the present Socialist Government to decide the Ministry's future. In reviewing the situation the Cabinet had to take into consideration that the Ministry of Information had three separate duties. The first was Press censorship. The second was entire responsibility for all favourable British publicity overseas, except in enemy occupied territory. The third was the provision of a technical production agency, not only for overseas propaganda, but also for the publicity of all Whitehall departments. This latter consisted of the so-called production divisions — films, publications, exhibitions and publicity campaigns run by groups of professional men who had some kind of specialised knowledge of their individual job.

The war having come to an end, Press censorship naturally stopped and the Cabinet decided to transfer the vast bulk of British overseas publicity to the Ministers concerned. That is to say, the Foreign Secretary, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies became responsible for all publicity directly affecting their individual Ministries. Thus, only the production divisions of the Ministry of Information were left—to provide these three Ministers with the material they required overseas and to continue to make available all publicity and information material required by the other Ministries at home. Under the new name of the Central Office of Information, the production divisions were relegated from the status of a Ministry to that of a common service agency on the lines of the Stationery Office. Press and poster advertising, exhibitions and instructional, or propaganda, films were to be, and still are, the main duties.

Of the £4,000,000 spent annually by the C.O.I., sums of £800,000 apiece go on Press advertising, poster advertising, films and salaries. This leaves £800,000 to pay for exhibitions (£250,000); photographic service (£100,000); and various overheads which, however, exclude the printing costs borne by the Stationery Office. Moreover, the Ministry of Food, the National Savings Committee, the Travel Association and the British Council handle nearly all their own publicity and advertising.

One of the chief difficulties of Robert Fraser, O.B.E., the Director-General of the Central Office of Information, is to draw that line between information and persuasion, to which Mr. Boyd-Carpenter called attention in the House of Commons. In the case of campaigns for recruiting for the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force, the miners and the cotton industry, there is, of course, no question of Party politics. Nor is there in the case of campaigns for road safety, encouragement to parents to immunise their children against diphtheria, the recruiting for land workers, or the campaign for fuel economy. When it comes, however, to the "Report to the Nation" campaign, it is a different matter. This campaign is dealing with a number of subjects under debate—wages, prices and inflation—and any Conservative is likely to hold the view that as the present Government is largely responsible for the present inflation, it is misuse of public funds to spend money on special pleading by the C.O.I.

In regard to its overseas activities, the C.O.I. does not pretend to separate information from persuasion. The object abroad is to state the best possible case for Great Britain as frequently and ubiquitously as possible. Among its overseas magazines is an illustrated publication which sells 500,000 copies a month in Germany. In addition, there is *To-day*, also illustrated, of which 65,000 copies are distributed free in the Colonies, being translated into Swahili, Chinese, Malay and Tamil. Furthermore, there is an International Review Digest which is produced once a month in twelve different languages and has an aggregate sale of 750,000 copies. In most cases it appears under the name of *Echo*.

Press advertising in Great Britain is done through recognised advertising agencies, which are given exactly the same instructions as an ordinary commercial client would give them. The Crown Film Unit, based on Beaconsfield, makes nearly one-third of all the official films, the remainder being put out to commercial contractors. All told, 150 reels of film are made each year. As a reel lasts ten minutes, this is a lot of film. At present there are 223 films either in active preparation or actually in circulation. Their subjects range from "Artificial Insemination" to "The Civil Service as a Career," and from the art of making chutney to the respective responsibility of parents and teachers where children are concerned. Twelve of these films are automatically taken by exhibitors at the rate of one a month throughout the country, in accordance with a wartime agreement. Others find their way into the regular cinemas by virtue of their public interest. The remainder are shown free in factories, women's institutes, and the like.

We now come to C.O.I. publications. During the war the Ministry of Information publications, such as *Fighter Command*, *Bomber Command*, *Coastal Command*, and the Burma and North Africa campaigns, sold millions of copies—largely because of the Cabinet decision that official dispatches were not to be published. The public, knowing that they would be unable to buy the real stuff written by Field-Marshal Montgomery, Field-Marshal Alexander and Field-Marshal Wavell until years afterwards, bought these American-type publications in vast quantities. Even then, of course, some of them were a flop; but, generally speaking, the M.O.I.-cum-the Stationery Office were on a stone-cold certainty.

To-day, the Central Office of Information continues with factual publications. But their sale is very small beer compared with wartime figures, and until three weeks ago, when *Something Done* was published at 1s. 6d., there has been nothing to approach the more lavish publications of the Ministry of Information towards the end of the war. Instead, there have been rather brief brochures, such as *The Short Economic Survey* (3d.), which has sold 300,000 copies; and *We Live by Export* (4d.), which has sold 40,000. *Something Done* sold 35,000 copies in the first fortnight, but it is unlikely to reach the six-figure mark, however much paper is available. There are various reasons for this. One is that top writers are not employed to offset the natural sales resistance of the public to books which they do not feel that they are compelled to buy — as they did during the war. Another is that the articles are not signed, and the British Public has always taken a dim view of anonymity.

So, though many publishers consider that it is grossly unfair that they should still have to compete with Government-sponsored publications on paper which would be better employed by private enterprise, the amount of which the book trade is still deprived cannot be regarded as very serious.

But who is responsible for the policy of the Central Office of Information? The answer is that in all major matters the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., is the man who makes decisions and keeps the C.O.I. under his surveillance. The Treasury, of course, is responsible for finance, and individual Ministers take a hand when their individual Ministries are being "plugged." It might be thought that in view of the very general scope of the C.O.I. overseas, the £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 spent annually by the British Council is a waste of the taxpayer's money. In fact, the British Council is allowed to do all its own publicity on a number of "reserved" subjects, such as the fine arts, the theatre and sculpture.

After all which, it is odd to realise that before 1939 there was neither a Ministry of Information nor a Central Office of Information. True, one or two of the more progressive Ministers, like the late Sir Kingsley Wood, had their Public Relations Officers, as also had the three Fighting Services. The war years proved so clearly, however, the public's vulnerability to publicity that there was bound to be some organisation like the C.O.I. to tell people to do, or abstain from doing, the hundred and one different things which an arbitrary Government demands or forbids.

MURAL ART TO BEGUILE THE TRAVELLER: Brightening up Leeds City Station is a remarkable mural flower-piece designed and executed for Yardley, Ltd., by the rising young mural artist Mr. J. W. Ledger, A.R.C.A., a late student of the Royal College of Art, and now instructing in London. He was assisted in the work by two students from the Leeds College of Art specially selected by the Principal of the College. The painting measures 46 ft. by 14 ft. 6 ins. and stands above the entrance to the platforms

"CORIOLANUS"

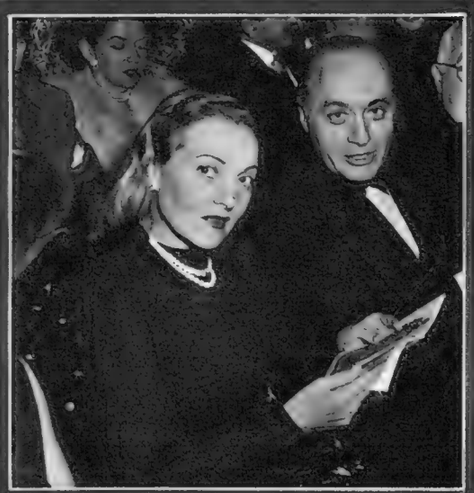
At the New Theatre and Other News of Stage, Film and Cabaret

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS ADDRESSES THE "COMMON CRY OF CURS": John Clements plays Coriolanus in the Old Vic Theatre Company's new production of the tragedy at the New Theatre. On the extreme left of the picture is Alec Guinness as Menenius Agrippa, friend and adviser to Coriolanus. The play was produced by E. Martin Browne

Coriolanus is one of the least-produced of Shakespeare's tragedies, and it is more than ten years since Laurence Olivier played the tyrannical patrician during his second season at the Old Vic in 1937. The Old Vic Theatre Company has now put *Coriolanus* into their repertoire with John Clements in the title-role. The play is topical in that it deals with the relationship of the dictator to the mob, but sympathy tends to be swayed towards the fearless soldier when he treats the somewhat sparse New Theatre "rabble of citizens" with scorn. Menenius, the wise and humorous friend of Coriolanus, is played by Alec Guinness. It is he who advises Coriolanus how to behave to the citizens when, as Consul, he must appear before them and show them his wounds "got in my country's service."

GIRLS AT HILARY HALL: Scenes from John Dighton's "The Happiest Days of Your Life," at the Apollo Theatre. In the picture on the left Margaret Rutherford, as the principal of the girls' school, which is billeted at Hilary Hall by the Ministry of Devacuation, stands beside Patricia Hastings, a schoolmistress who is not a blue-stocking; and, on the right, George Howe as the headmaster of Hilary Hall. In the centre picture, the girls' school is well entrenched. Colin Gordon views Viola Lyel and her pupils' needlework with some doubt, while Myles Eason (extreme left) inspects Patricia Hastings with approval. At the right Colin Gordon wards off the advances of Viola Lyel, beneath whose gym tunic beats an amorous heart

THE KING OF UGANDA AT A FILM STUDIO: Dame Edith Evans and Oliver Messel are on the left and Yvonne Mitchell on the right. The young King is in England to study history at Cambridge. Recently he visited the Welwyn film studios to watch the filming of Anatole de Grunwald's *The Queen of Spades*. Oliver Messel has designed the costumes for the new picture, which has attracted Dame Edith Evans from stage to screen



CHARLES BOYER WITHOUT HIS TOUPEE: The celebrated screen lover visited a Hollywood theatre with his wife, Pat Patterson. The occasion was Maurice Chevalier's reappearance after an absence of thirteen years. He gave a performance at the Hollywood Biltmore Theatre to a large and enthusiastic audience which included many film stars

JOSEPHINE BAKER'S SILVER JUBILEE: The famous Parisienne at the Club des Champs Élysées, where she began her career twenty-five years ago. She sang all her popular songs, then brought Joe Louis to the microphone. But he refused to sing with her

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WILLIAM MORRIS: APOSTLE OF BEAUTY

Esther Meynell Writes a Penetrating and Affectionate Biography of the Great Victorian

NO title could be simpler or more appropriate than that chosen by Mrs. Esther Meynell for her enchanting new biography, for PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM MORRIS (Chapman and Hall. 15s.) exactly describes both the content and the pictorial style of this week's most outstanding book. This is an age which hardly recognises Morris, except in so far as it sees him striding across the background of some volume of Victorian memoirs, and yet his was the signature to a whole artistic epoch, the inspiration of countless art forms, and the centre of a warm company of friends.

"A rock of defence to us all," wrote Burne-Jones, "and a castle on the top of it, and a banner on the top of that." And even the austere Ruskin was moved to say: "Morris is beaten gold."

William Morris was, before all else, a craftsman. "Beauty, to Morris, was not so much a thing you looked at and admired—except, of course, the beauty of nature—but a thing you *made*. There was no fun in it otherwise. He knew how the webs were woven, the yarns dyed, the stuffs embroidered, the beams carved and painted, the books set up and printed and bound. Knew, because he had done it all. . . ."

He married a woman of startling and ethereal beauty; we know her face well from Rossetti's many paintings of her, and he had two daughters of whom he was fond. But his life was full of other interests than the domestic, and with his friends about him and a comfortable income to sustain him, Morris launched into venture after venture, at all of which he was the greatest enthusiast and the hardest manual worker.

The chintzes that he designed were, and are, world famous, though they are no longer made, and even though his contemporaries used them for every purpose but the one for which they were designed: as wall hangings. He designed houses and, with Philip Webb and Burne-Jones, most of the furniture for them. He loved illustrated books and illuminated missals more than paintings and not only collected old ones, but made them himself in every particular. He had an upright loom in his bedroom at which he would weave tapestries of his own design, with yarns which he had dyed himself. He was an apostle of beauty and could have said with Robert Bridges: "*I love all beauteous things, I seek and adore them,*" but for physical comfort he had no regard, and some of the beds and settles he designed or used were never meant for anyone but a strong creature in complete good health.

He was, all in all, a great man, and we must be very grateful to Esther Meynell for her penetrating and at the same time affectionate picture of him.

Another very distinguished book is a reprint, but such a welcome one that I would like to point it out to you. It is Captain Joshua Slocum's SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD (Hart-Davis. 8s. 6d.), and its neat new edition has an introduction by Mr. Arthur Ransome, who writes: "Joshua Slocum was the first man to sail round the world in a small boat with none but himself as captain, mate and crew. Other men may repeat the feat. No other man can be the first. Captain Slocum's place in history is as secure as Adam's."

It was in 1895 that Captain Slocum set off from Boston in the little *Spray*, crossed the Atlantic to Gibraltar, crossed it again to move slowly down the coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan and into the vast Pacific. At one time he was seventy-two days at sea without touching at any port. He would lash the helm and retire below to sleep. His adventures were hair-raising, but what makes them live is his own laconic recording of them, in exact, homely language with his own sense of humour.

Mr. Ransome says that a school library without this book is incomplete, and I agree heartily. So, school librarians, perpend!

IN TIME CHANGES THE TUNE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) Miss Kathleen Wallace writes again of the Cambridge she loves and knows so well, but this time there are no reminiscences of days past; instead, a wistful, readable and nearly credible novel about a group of women assembling for a reunion week-end at the college they had known twenty-five or thirty years before.

THE SAVOY THEATRE IN MINIATURE FOR THE SAVOY OPERAS: This model theatre, with authentic costumes and scenery for "The Mikado," is being put on the market by permission of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte. At the moment the toy theatre is solely for export, and America, which has lately welcomed the D'Oyly Carte Company, will no doubt be a big buyer. Other Gilbert and Sullivan operas will also be included in the series

The cleverest, and the most genuine, thing about this story is the author's description, not of the lives these women have all led in the intervening period—that is a "natural" for anyone of her writing experience—but in the subtlety with which she marks the different ways in which the members of the little company have aged and changed. Some hardened into a *chic* bitterness, some cosily plump and pretty, an ugly duckling become a beauty, a beauty become a thin-lipped, thin-haired shrew, and so on. A fascinating game to play, and Kathleen Wallace plays it with relish.

Naturally, a book built on this pattern must be episodic and a little unsatisfactory, but there are deftly handled occasions for a little interplay, though I feared for a moment that the long arm of coincidence would come out of its socket. On the whole, an agreeable book.

Mr. L. A. Knight writes about Pembrokeshire in the rip-roaring days of smugglers and Napoleonic spies, and very ably he does it, with just the necessary amount of brutality, and just the right leavening of beauty in distress. If there are overtones of Jeffery Farnol, what romance about the brave old days is the worse for that? A very satisfying mixture is THE BRAZEN HEAD (Sampson Low. 9s. 6d.).

CHARADE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is an agreeably satirical first novel, by Mr. John Mortimer, about a film unit on location in a seaside town during the war. Their objective is to "shoot" an Army exercise, and in the course of their activity an unpopular N.C.O. is killed. A young man attached to the unit has an idea that the death is not accidental and attempts to find the truth.

Between this, his timid love-affair with the director's beautiful wife, and his clear and waspish observations of the rest of the company, his time, and the length of the book, is occupied. A very promising first effort indeed.

THE EDGE OF DARKNESS (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is a war novel, and, as such, there may be people who will be wary of it, but it is also a novel about real men, and for that reason I would recommend you to read it. Mr. John Prebble is a serious writer, and uses words as if he liked them, not just as the handiest tools to achieve effect. He is also an observer, not in the same sense as Mr. Mortimer, but with a more painstaking, heavier and more thorough power of recording.

Back to Romance with a capital R. Mr. Adolphe Roberts has written a story of New Orleans in the days just before the Civil War, when beautiful women, it seems, danced gaily and loved lightly, and when men plotted in the dark and rumours ran like fire in the cane brake. BRAVE MARDI GRAS (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.) may not be the stuff to give the troops, but I don't see how it can fail with some of the lending libraries.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE (W. H. Allen. 8s. 6d.) has a good idea, or, rather, a good trick in it, and I am not surprised to learn that this and other books of Mr. William O'Farrell's have been bought by film companies.

A Broadway actor is down and out. He is not old, and only a year ago he was successful and good-looking. Now, an intensive course of drinking has half-killed him, and he is a repellent wreck. At the back of his mind is the memory of his wife, who killed herself, and his mistress, whom he strangled. The drinking bouts followed. But one night he finds himself back in the year before, knowing what lies ahead of him, but believing that he has the power to alter circumstances. And that is what he tries to do.

PONTIUS PILATE: THE CIVIL SERVANT

The Imaginary Memoirs of the Governor of Judæa

When John Drinkwater wrote *A Man's House* he took the climax of the New Testament story and, for two inspired acts, showed the impact of those events upon a middle-class household in Jerusalem. Employing this same method, but without Drinkwater's skill or discernment, C. M. Franzero has written THE MEMOIRS OF PONTIUS PILATE (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.), and here again the climax is, of course, in Easter Week. Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judæa and a protégé of Sejanus, who recommended him to the Emperor Tiberius, is shown as a typical Civil Servant, who kept the Roman peace in Palestine, but with little understanding of the people. The book would appear to rely largely for its effect on the matter-of-fact recounting of Christ's trial and crucifixion, the author, with studied care, showing the tremendous events of Holy Week as it were through a reducing glass—in other words, through the eyes of Pilate, the small-time bureaucrat. After the Governor of Judæa's recall to Rome, the author is evidently at a loss for historical material, so he attaches Pilate to the Court of Caligula and provides a few colourful but rather unnecessary pages on the antics of the maddest of the Cæsars. Finally, Pilate records with relief that he has been gazetted Governor of Switzerland, and the last entry, and final note of bathos, refers to the good trout-fishing he can expect within the borders of his new and modest Proconsulship. Except for the final phase of Pilate's life, which has always been shrouded in mystery and has given rise to not a few legends, Mr. Franzero has been able to draw upon a wealth of material, but it is very much to be doubted if he has made the best use of it. In St. John's Gospel, for instance, Christ and Pilate are shown meeting on the highest level of the thought and conscience of the time. For all his manifold faults the Governor of Judæa was no moron; Mr. Franzero's Pilate may not be that, but some may feel that he cuts a very drab figure.

Following the imaginary memoirs of the man who sanctioned Christ's crucifixion, there is powerful contrast in Sir Herbert Grierson's AND THE THIRD DAY (Sampson Low. 15s.), which is described as a literary oratorio of the Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord. Sir Herbert has chosen passages from the world's great literature to make up this oratorio, and John Rothenstein, of the Tate, has chosen the pictures. The Easter story is taken in part from St. Luke and in part from St. John, and remains, as ever, a narrative of the deepest inspiration couched in English of noble simplicity. The book includes also an anthology of mystical verse, including some of the great stanzas from Adonais and from Robert Bridges' "Testament of Beauty."

This week appears to have produced a spate of works of religious interest, and here are two more which, for quite different reasons, also deserve a kinder fate than that usually reserved for theological literature. RURAL SYNTHESIS (Skeffington. 8s. 6d.) is the work of Martin Thornton, who, in a few short chapters and with much clarity, expounds the religious basis of rural culture. He studies the life, work, and real meaning of the land, and attempts to show how an underlying synthesis exists between the village church and all that goes on around it. This is a book for the thoughtful countryman. For the student of comparative religions S. Radhakrishnan has provided an introductory essay, an English translation of the Sanskrit text, and notes on the Indian religious classic THE BHAGAVADGITA (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.). This sounds rather heavy going, but as presented by Professor Radhakrishnan it is easy to understand why the Bhagavadgita is a great popular poem. Millions of Hindus have for centuries found comfort in this great book, and it is right that we in the Occident should learn something of the source of their inspiration, something of the profundities that have brought to the East a measure of spiritual serenity in the midst of physical dearth.

Ethel Mannin is the author of CONNEMARA JOURNAL (John Westhouse. 10s. 6d.), a day-to-day record of months of solitude in a three-roomed cottage among the bogs and boulders and the bare, stony mountains of the Irish Wild West. It is a pleasantly discursive little volume, and Miss Mannin dedicates it to the celebrated Maud Gonne, the mother of Ireland's new Foreign Minister, Sean MacBride, and in younger days the inspiration of W. B. Yeats's "Kathleen Na Houlihan."

MAKING FRIENDS WITH BIRDS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) has a custard-coloured cover and a rather silly title. It is the product, however, of some first-class bird-watching, and the author, Arthur F. Park, contributes some excellent photographs of young chickens. For intending bird-tamers Mr. Park strongly recommends the willow warbler, one of the most abundant and tractable of our migrants.

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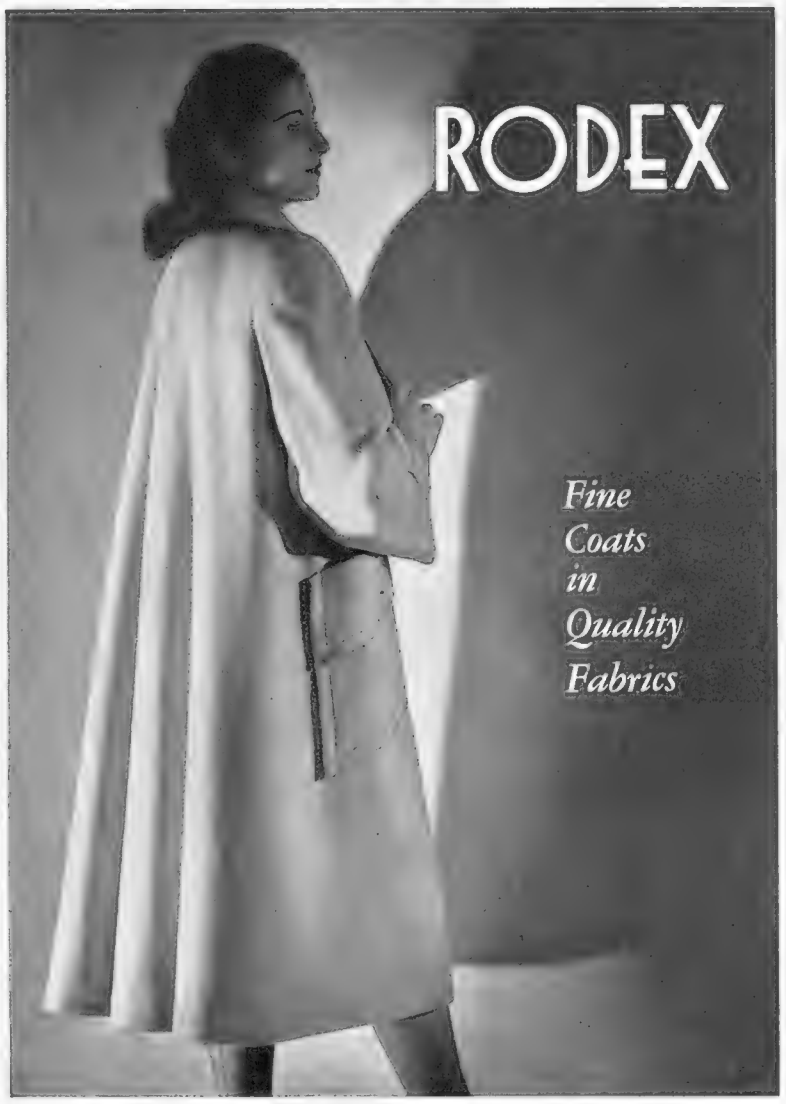

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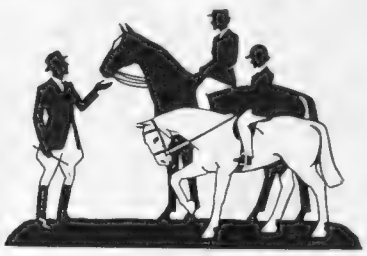

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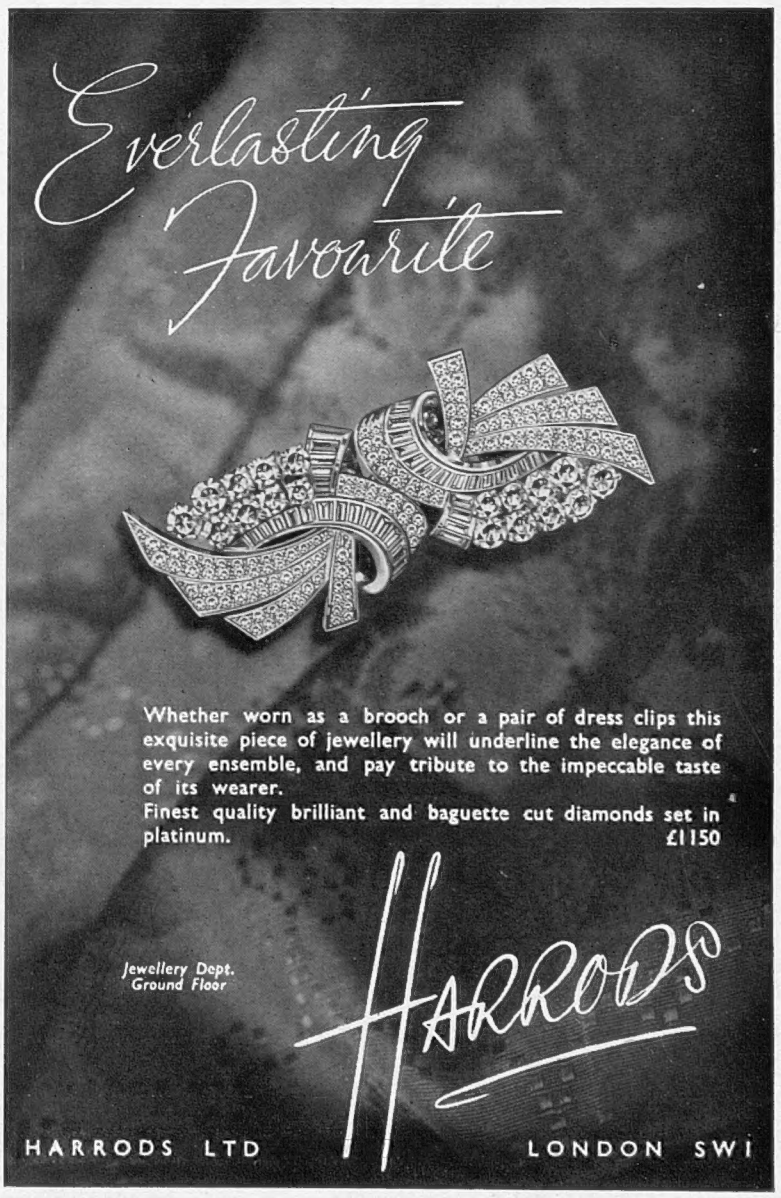

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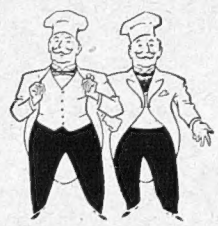

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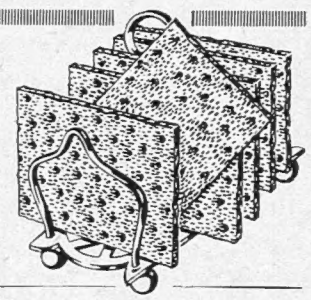

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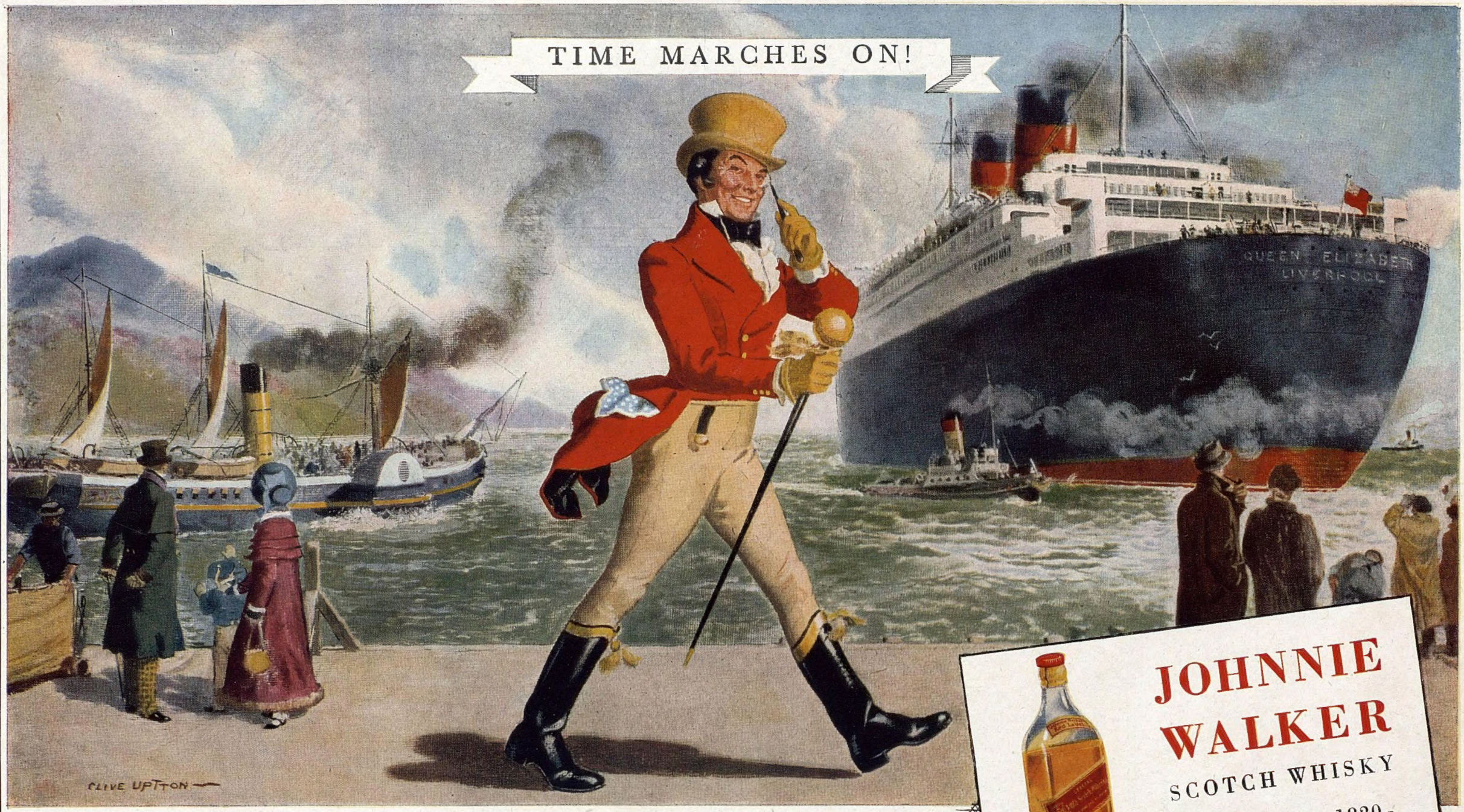

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